

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 479.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

LADY EXETER.



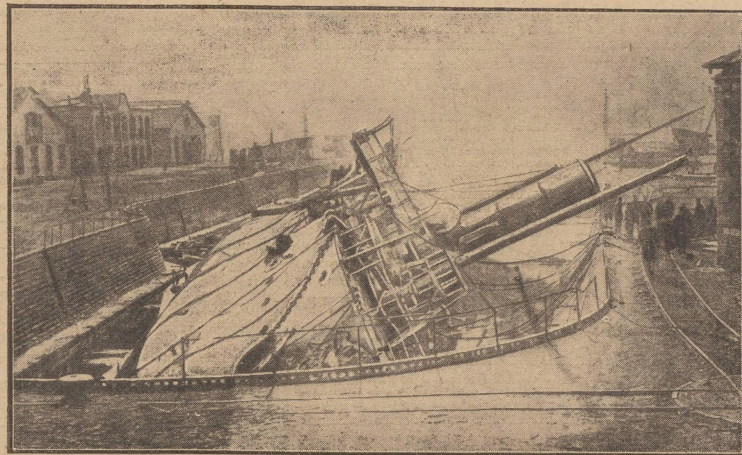
The Marchioness of Exeter has been elected people's churchwarden at Deeping St. James's, South Lincolnshire.—(Nichols.)

QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN GREECE.



St. George's Day celebration at Athens on Saturday. The Queen of England, accompanied by the King and Queen of Greece, returning from the Te Deum at the Metropolis Church.

RECRUIT FOR JAPAN'S NAVY.



The Russian mine-laying ship Amur, pierced by three shots while lying in dry dock at Port Arthur. She has been repaired, and can be employed against the Baltic fleet.

MR. HERBERT CROKER,



Son of "Boss" Croker, of Tammany Hall, New York, who died in a train from the effects of smoking opium.—(Revely.)

PERSONAL.

MOLLY.—Can never forget. Light of my life.—**ANGUS.** REG.—Misericordia. Miss you awfully. Do write.—**SOPHY.** DAVEY.—After Friday's interview, Saturday's message is extraordinary. Must ask call usual to-day, last time. Extremely sorry.

THE "Daily Mirror" will be forwarded post free daily for 6d. a week to any address in the United Kingdom.—Address "The Publisher, 12, Whitefriars-st., London, E.C."

MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared at sea, in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the world, and to any English-speaking country. Specimen copy to be found. Specimen copy to be found. Specimen copy to be found.

3, Carmelite House, Temple, London, E.C.

* The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 1d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word. After.—Address: Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., London.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

EBBUTTS, Croydon.—The fire which occurred on Saturday evening was at the station for new furniture, etc., and was in no way connected with the fire-proof depository at Southend, and Aberdeen-road, South Croydon, and half a mile distance from the scene of the fire. A. E. EBBUTTS, Croydon.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otho Stuart. TONIGHT, at 8, HAMLET. H. B. IRVING appears as HAMLET TO-NIGHT. H. B. Irving, Oscar Asche, Mrs. T. J. Haydon, etc. HAMLET, MAT. Sat. 4.30. THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, Mat. Sat. 4.30. Tel. 2645 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. TONIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

A new play in three acts, adapted by Sydney Grundy from "Les Affaires ont les Affaires," by Octave Mirbeau. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2.30.

IMPERIAL. Mr. LEWIS WALLER. TONIGHT, AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. LAST 7 NIGHTS. ROMEO AND JULIET. LAST 3 MATINEES TO-MORROW (Wednesday) and SATURDAY NEXT, and WEDNESDAY, May 24, at 2.

LYRIC THEATRE. Lessee Mr. William Greet. Under the management of Mr. Tom B. Davis.

Mr. MARTIN HARVEY'S SEASON. MONDAY, May 22, MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY. HAMLET.

EVERY EVENING, and SAT. MATINEE. THE ONLY WAY. Box-office open to-day, May 15.

ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. TONIGHT, AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30 sharp. JOHN CHLOOTE, M.P. Adapted from the story of the famous Civil War hero, John Chloote, by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Mr. HENRY VIRABT. Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS. Miss BELLA PATEMAN and Miss MARION TERRY. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30. Box Office, 10 to 10. —ST. JAMES'S.

THE COLISEUM. Charing Cross. FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Standard admission envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.

Prices: Boxes, 22s. 2d., 21s. 6d., and 21s. 1s. Pateuts, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Stalls, 6s., 4s., 3s., and 2s. Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard. Grand Tier, 1s. Balcony, 6d. Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard. Children under twelve half-price to all Stalls. Telegrams: Coliseum, London.

THE LYCEUM. HIGH-CLASS VARIETIES. TWICE NIGHTLY, 6.30 and 9. Matinee Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Popular Prices. Children half-price. Managing Director—THOMAS BARRASFOORD.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY. COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION. Representative Displays from New Zealand, Jamaica, Sierra Leone, Victoria, St. Kitts, Nigeria, Trinidad, Windward Isles, Gambia, Barbados, British Guiana, Gold Coast Colony.

GREAT ROMAN ANIMAL CAFE. Displays by Native Warriors, 2.30, 4.30, 6.30. Military Band and numerous other daily attractions. Table d'hôte luncheons and dinners in the new Dining Room, overlooking the grounds. Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGELER'S." OXFORD-CIRCUS W. Daily at 3 and 8. ANNI-VERSARY NIGHT, THURSDAY, May 18, THE LONDON BOUVENIR of 43 Photographs for every visitor. Daily, 3 and 8. 1s. 6d. Children half-price to all parts. Tel. 4138 Gerrard.

NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION. EARL'S COURT. Open 12 noon to 6 p.m. Season Tickets, 10s. 6d.

IN THE QUEEN'S GIFT GALLERIES. Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping, and Fisheries. NELSON CENTENARY RELICS, and of All Naval Events from the Century.

FISHING VILLAGE. Working Exhibits, Model of "Victory," Concerts by the BAND, the ROYAL MARINE, and the EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND.

IN THE EMPRESS HALL. "WITH THE FLEET." LIFE IN A CRUISER. "WITH THE FLEET." THE HANDY MAN at Work. "WITH THE FLEET." THE HANDY MAN at Work. "WITH THE FLEET." L'Entente Cordiale. "WITH THE FLEET." Saluting the French Squadron. Gun and Cannon Drill. Storm at Sea. "WITH THE FLEET." LIFE IN A CRUISER.

TRAFFALDER 1806. The Great Work. Captive Flying Machine. West's "Our Navy." Nelson. Captive Flying Machine. Great Canadian Indian Village. Chiefs, Attendants, Squares, and Parades of Hall of Monarchs. Voyage in a Submarine. Vandenberg's Haunted Cabin. Famous Sea Fights. Miss de la Motte and Dramatic Society. William Cane. Auto-Photographic Portraits. Switch-back. Chorus.

EXQUISITE ILLUMINATED GARDENS. FISH RESTAURANT IN QUEEN'S COURT.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE WORLD.

"THE OCEAN A.B.C. WORLD-WIDE TIME TABLES."

They do for the Ocean Traveller what the Railway A.B.C. does for the Train Traveller in England. "THE OCEAN A.B.C." is full of interesting information.

Read pages 5 and 12 of the Pink Section. Price 1s. post free, of the Publishers, THE OCEAN EXPRESS (LTD.), 2, Church-court, Clements-lane, London, E.C.

BIRTHS.

ARNOTT.—On May 12, at 67, Lauderdale-mansions, Maida Vale, W., the wife of Scott Arnott, of a daughter.

BELOE.—On the 12th inst., the wife of R. D. Beloe, Esq., of Winchester College, of Robert Beloe.

MARRIAGES.

THACKERAY.—On the 13th inst., at St. George's, Hanover-square, Henry St. John Thackeray, Examiner in the Education Department, only son of the Rev. Francis St. John Thackeray, rect of Mapletham, to Lucy Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Major Andrew Orr, R.A.

DEATHS.

DOBSON.—On the 13th inst., at Gothic House, Chislehurst, West Hampstead, Thomas William Dobson, late of 32 Piccadilly, W., in his 81st year.

FITZ ROY.—On May 13, at 4, Porten-road, W., Elizabeth, the beloved wife for 56 years of the Rev. Ernest James Augustus Finlay, formerly vicar of St. John, West Derby.

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

ISLE OF MAN FOR HEALTH AND HOLIDAYS.—Seaside spot in United Kingdom; air bracing and scenery charming; guides, excursions, hotel and apart. lists post free.—WALLER D. KEIG, 27, Imperial-buildings, Leicestershire, E.C.

THAMES STEAMBOATS. Express Service Non-Running between GREENWICH, LONDON BRIDGE, BLACKFRIARS, and WESTMINSTER Every Half-Hour. CHEAP FARES.

HOUSES, PROPERTIES, ETC.

Auctions.

NEWHAVEN-ON-SEA. near station, town, harbour, pier and Seaford. Grand elevated position. Building rapidly proceeding. Probable purchasers should take early opportunity of viewing Estate, as it is being rapidly disposed of, and so other building plots can be purchased for even less than the amount in the neighbourhood. Next AUCTION SALE of 150 FREEHOLD BUILDING PLOTS, together with HOTEL SITE, in Marquee on Mount Pleasant Estate, by

MESSRS. PROTHEROE AND MORRIS. on THURSDAY, May 18th, at 2. Usual easy terms. No other charges.—Plan, etc., of the Vendor, Mr. E. G. Protheroe, 5 and 7, King William-street, E.C. Luncheon free.

Houses, Offices, Etc., to Let.

RENT (425) free to June.—Extremely nice House and garden, most artistically decorated; complete with every comfort and convenience; high-class fittings and furniture complete; mostly to occupy; position high, dry, and healthy; 4 bed, 2 reception rooms, hot bath, inside and outside W.C.; tradesmen's entrance; Sution, Surrey; 23 minutes to City and West End.—Write to D., 40, Ladbrook-grove, W.

SIXPENNY a day will secure a £300 house, particulars free.—Write, mentioning "Daily Mirror," to J. J. Green, 72, Bishopsgate-st. Without, E.C.

WALTHAMSTOW.—Woodlands-rd., within a minute of Woodstreet Station; workmen's trains; Houses for two families; rent 10s. 6d. weekly.

WIMBLEDON.—226, 11, Southdown-rd.; commodious 7-roomed.—Owner, Alisa, Clonsiege, Streatham.

OETZMAN & CO. HAMPSTEAD ROAD, W. (continuation north of TOTTENHAM-COURT RD.)

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF NORMAN & STACEY'S CARPETS PURCHASED FOR CASH.

NOW BEING OFFERED AT ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS IN MANY INSTANCES ONE HALF TO ONE THIRD OFF ORIGINAL PRICES.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Messrs. NORMAN & STACEY'S SYSTEM OF DEFERRED PAYMENTS will be extended to customers desirous of availing themselves of it, whereby purchases of £20 and upwards may be paid for.

OUT OF INCOME.

Solid Fumigated Oak Writing Bureau and Bookcase combined, fitted with drawer and oxidized copper hinges and handles, E.C. 2ft. 9in. wide. £12 6d.

Solid Fumigated Oak Bureau, with writing flap, fitted with stationery racks and drawer. £17 8d.

Solid Fumigated Oak Bedstead, 12in. long, 48, 9d.

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IRISH SCENE IN THE COMMONS.

An M.P. "Dragged and Pulled
About by Police."

"SOMEONE HAS LIED."

New Irish Secretary Has His
"Baptism of Fire."

A scene of wild and prolonged disorder marked the sitting of the House of Commons yesterday.

It originated at question time, the central figure being Mr. John Roche, a tall, muscular Irishman, with a strong-bearded face which vividly recalls the late Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Roche asked the Chief Secretary for Ireland whether he was aware that when addressing his constituents in Co. Galway on Sunday, May 7, he was dragged and pulled about by the police. (Laughter.)

Mr. Long said he was informed that no personal violence was used towards the hon. member.

Springing to his feet, Mr. Roche demanded the right to make a personal explanation.

"The district inspector of police pulled me out of a cart," complained Mr. Roche, "and the police dragged me along the road for fifty yards until I appealed to the county inspector, who ordered my release."

"It was not till then that a notice that the meeting had been proclaimed was served upon me, and I naturally gave vent to my feelings, and tore the document up."

CRIES OF "LONG."

"Long," "Long," "Long," the Irishmen bawled, but the Chief Secretary sat silent, with folded arms.

The Deputy-Speaker rose to proceed to the next business, but calls for "Long" grew fiercer and hoarser.

White and quivering with anger, Mr. Winston Churchill jumped up in the midst of the Nationalists, and demanded a personal explanation from the Chief Secretary.

"No debate can take place," said the Deputy-Speaker, coldly.

"Someone has lied," savagely shouted Mr. Kilbride. Hoarse and crimson-faced, the Nationalists roared again.

"That is a most improper observation," said the Deputy-Speaker.

Again the Chamber rang with cries of "Long," "Long," and finally Mr. Long rose and said he had no explanation to make. "I have given the information supplied by the police. The hon. member has made a statement which, of course, I accept."

SELECT PRISON LITERATURE.

Sir H. Fowler asked why the Rev. C. Jennings, a passive resister, now in Worcester Gaol, was allowed to take with him the "Imitation of Christ" and "The Commentaries of Julius Caesar," but was refused permission to take the "Essays of Elia." (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Akers-Douglas said prisoners could go to the gaol library. In this case the two books named were allowed as a special favour.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Tariff Reformers Still Chafing Over the
Silence of Mr. Balfour.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Monday Night.—Much surprise continues to be expressed in the Lobby at the extraordinary delay on the part of Mr. Balfour in publishing his reply to the tariff reformers.

Everybody regards it as imperative that Mr. Balfour must make a general statement soon as to the dissolution. It is believed that he intended to take the public into his confidence on the subject on June 2, but it is now regarded as doubtful whether he can delay his statement until that date.

The official Opposition are making a big effort to secure a good attendance to-morrow, when the Budget Bill debate is to be resumed, and Sir Henry "C.B." is understood to be preparing another great onslaught upon the Government for their reckless extravagance in the matter of expenditure.

HONOUR FOR PRINCESS'S FIANCÉ.

A special supplement to the "London Gazette," issued last night states that the King has been graciously pleased to appoint H.R.H. Prince Oscar Frederick William Olaf Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden and Norway, Duke of Scania, the fiancé of Princess Margaret of Connaught, to be Hon. Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.

GREAT OCEAN RACE.

Yachts Start To-day on 3,000
Mile Race for Kaiser's Cup.

ELEVEN ENTRIES.

The race across the Atlantic from Sandy Hook to the Lizard, for the Ocean Cup, presented by H.R.M. the German Emperor, starts to-day.

The entry comprises eleven boats, ranging in size from the schooner *Fleur de Lys* (86 tons) of Dr. Stimson, New York Yacht Club, to the *Valhalla*, of the Earl of Crawford (647.79 tons), the only yacht afloat that is a full-rigged ship.

As regards nationality, eight of the eleven boats entered are American, two English, and one German. Lord Brassey's *Sunbeam* (owner on board) is one of the representatives of Great Britain.

Of these eleven boats which will to-day start on their 3,000 mile spin of friendly rivalry, the three which inspire the greatest interest are the *Valhalla*, the *Hamburg*, and the *Atlantic*, of the New York Yacht Club, owned by Mr. Wilson Marshall, and captained by the famous Captain Charles Barr, of Columbia and Reliance renown.

MIGHTY SPREAD OF CANVAS.

The *Atlantic*, whose career only began last year, has already a proud record of victory to her credit, and the betting fraternity in New York have made her favourite at "evens" for the great race.

A three-masted schooner in rig, and of 206 tons register, she carries no less than 22,000 square feet of sail—a mighty spread, indeed!

"I don't want to hear the word 'east' from the time we leave Sandy Hook," said Lord Crawford, the owner of the graceful *Valhalla*, interviewed by the "New York Herald." "I shall not make any preparations for this race other than those customary for any voyage across the Atlantic."

Herr Adolf Tietjens, vice-president of the German syndicate which has fitted out the *Hamburg* in the hope of holding the cup for the Fatherland, wants a light wind.

It is interesting to note that the German Emperor himself is in no way concerned in the yacht, though, doubtless, he will follow her fortunes with an especially anxious eye, and he has already manifested his interest in her endeavours by granting leave to Herr Tietjens's son, who is a lieutenant-captain in the Imperial navy, in order that he may accompany his father in the race.

At the German Embassy yesterday the *Daily Mirror* learned from the naval attaché that the dispatch-boat *Pfiffel*, of the Imperial German navy, is now on her way to the Lizard to act as mark-boat at the finish.

LADY MOTORIST'S PERIL.

Dramatic Incident of the Futile Algiers-
Toulon Boatace.

Though the ambitious motor-boat race from Algiers to Toulon came to such a wretchedly unsatisfactory termination owing to the terrific weather, there has fortunately, it is now certain, been no loss of life.

The destroyer *Arbalète* has arrived at Cagliari, in Sardinia, with the crew of the Quard Meme, owned by the Duke Decazes, the missing boat about which so much anxiety has been felt; but the vessel herself had to be abandoned, for the waves had swept away everything to which a hawser could be attached.

Mme. du Gast, owner of the *Camille*, has told the "Figaro" that "Having been strained by the heavy sea, the *Camille*'s bolts gave way, and she started leaking. We asked to be towed. We were fifty miles off Toulon, and had won the race. For more than two hours the *Dard* was making efforts to take us in tow, but unsuccessfully."

"Meanwhile the water was getting into the motor-room, which was soon flooded. We had irreparably broken down, and were quite unable to do anything to help the rescuers."

The cruiser *Kleber* brought us salvation, although we thought at first she was abandoning us when she steamed off a little, carrying out the manoeuvre which saved us. For just that moment we were in despair."

WHY GERMANS KILL THEMSELVES.

There were twenty-one suicides for every 100,000 of the population of Germany, according to the most recent statistics.

This, says America's Consul-General at Berlin, can only be explained by what certain psychologists have declared to be a racial tendency, accentuated by poverty, resentment of military discipline, and remorse owing to failure to pass difficult examinations.

CLAIMS TO BE AN EX-EMPRESS.

BOSTON, Monday.—A woman who claims to be the ex-Empress Carlotta has disappeared to the great chagrin of over a hundred Italians, who have for a long time been paying her money in order to enable her to gain the Austrian throne. She carried off \$25,000.—Laffan.

PERIL FROM MINES.

Another Japanese Boat Blown Up—
Heavy Premiums at Lloyd's.

Floating mines have accounted for another Japanese transport in the Gulf of Pechili, according to a Reuter message from Chifu.

Three vessels have thus been sunk within a week by this agency, one of them being a British steamer.

The risks from floating mines are thoroughly realised in mercantile circles, and for some time past it has been possible to insure against them at Lloyd's, a premium of five shillings per cent. being demanded.

This rate has now been substantially increased, owing to the recent disasters and a warning from Tokio that mines have been laid in the neighbourhood of the Pescadores.

There is little news of activity on the part of the belligerents either on land or sea.

Reuter's correspondent at Harbin says the city is crowded, all the hotels being filled to overflowing.

Even the railway station is crowded, and most of the officers are compelled to sleep in the open air.

It is reported from Tokio that the Russian fleet, after leaving Honkoku on May 8, has returned, and is now at anchor there.

RUSSIAN JEWS MASSACRED.

Officials Alleged To Have Connived at
Wholesale Murder.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—A leading Moscow paper, commenting on the recent massacres at Mitzeloff, Dussiatz, Simpheropol, Zhitomir, and Yeltseff, asserts that the worst cruelties were enacted at Zhitomir, where scores of lives were lost. With the exception of those at Simpheropol, the authorities displayed woeful indifference and inactivity.

A society similar to that which commenced the operations at Kishineff and Homel, and known as the Black Hundred, was organised under the benevolent indulgence of the local authorities, and rushed upon the defenceless Jews. Numerous facts point directly to this attitude of connivance being adopted by most of the authorities.

The "Russkaja Viedomosti" states that the massacres again give rise to the alarming question, Why do the authorities remain inactive, although warned beforehand of coming events? Who wanted these terrible streams of blood and the chattels of these indigent Jews? Can it be those who appealed to the people who beat the Jews?—Central News.

IRREVERENT TEACHERS.

Strange Allegations by Nonconformists Lead
to an Inquiry.

At a meeting of the Rowley Regis (Staffs.) Education Committee yesterday evening several Nonconformist members stated that grave complaints had been made by parents of children attending the higher grade school under the jurisdiction of the committee of the Scriptures being held up to ridicule by teachers in the presence of the children.

Teachers had publicly asserted that the Scriptures were only partially true, and that the miracles of the Saviour were a patch of conjuring. It was contended that children usually told the truth, and in the interest of children and teachers alike it was decided to hold an inquiry.

KING GREET'S AMBASSADOR.

The King received yesterday at Buckingham Palace the new Spanish Ambassador, who presented his credentials.

Three town coaches, with attendants in scarlet, were sent from the royal mews to the Embassy in Lower Grosvenor-place to convey the new Ambassador and his suite to the Palace.

The Marquis of Lansdowne introduced his Excellency to the King, and the members of the suite were also presented.

After luncheon, the King, attended by his equerry, Colonel A. Davidson, drove to St. Pancras and left for Newmarket. His Majesty will occupy his accustomed quarters at the Jockey Club, and will return to town on Thursday in readiness for the Levee on the following day.

JEWEL THEFT COINCIDENCE.

There seems a fatality about the line from Manchester to Crewe.

A few weeks ago Lady Holland was robbed of some valuable jewels whilst proceeding on this journey.

Now her daughter, Mrs. Sowley, of Willaston Cottage, has shared a similar fate, being a loser to the extent of several hundreds of pounds.

The condition of Mrs. Laycock, who was terribly injured in a motor-car accident in Paris recently, continues to improve.

TRAGEDIES OF ROAD AND RIVER.

Man Drowned Within Sight of
Hundreds of Onlookers.

MOTORISTS IN A STREAM.

Two sensational holiday accidents, each attended with fatal consequences, are reported from the North of England.

In the River Ribbles, at Preston, a young man named Richard Lonsdale was drowned on Sunday evening in full view of hundreds of spectators.

Lonsdale was gathering boats together at Avenue Park, when the skiff he was rowing was carried by the current under the North Union Bridge.

The current was so strong that he lost control of his skiff, which collided with a boat containing a party of youths and girls, and was upset.

Lonsdale clung to the overturned skiff, but the occupants of the other boat did nothing to help him. Indeed, they seemed afraid to go near him, and he sank and was drowned.

There were many boats on the river at the time, and thousands of people on the banks.

Attempts were made to rescue Lonsdale by Charles Barnes and two brothers named Spencer, who entered the water fully dressed and dived for the body. Barnes had a narrow escape of drowning and eventually they had to desist.

At the inquest held yesterday, Barnes and the Spencers were warmly complimented for their bravery.

George Harrison, who was one of the occupants of the boat with which Lonsdale collided, gave very unsatisfactory evidence, and drew from the coroner the remark that it was disgraceful he an such companions did not help the unfortunate youth.

KILLED BY A CAR.

The second accident occurred near Otterburn, in Northumberland.

The motor-car of Mr. Percy Ward, of Newcastle, was going down a hill, when a man who was walking on the grass stepped on to the road in front of the car.

He was knocked down and killed. At the same time the driver lost control of his car, which dashed into the roadside railings at the bottom of the hill.

Its three occupants were thrown fourteen feet into the bed of the river Rede, and the car plunged into the river after them.

Fortunately it fell clear of the passengers, one of whom, Mr. Wood, of Gateshead, sustained serious injuries to his arm through striking the railings.

Alderman Brodie, the Mayor of Blackpool, might easily have been killed yesterday but for his hard hat. He was driving to the local police court in a dogcart, which upset in rounding a corner, throwing the mayor out upon his head. His injuries proved slight ones.

MAIL MISCARRIES.

Mysterious Disappearance of Letter-Bag from
Express Between London and Luton.

Placed on the 12.30 a.m. mail-train to the north from St. Pancras on Sunday, a mail-bag containing registered letters disappeared before Manchester was reached.

Inquiries are being made by the G.P.O. and the police, but so far nothing has been heard of the bag.

When the contents of the train were inspected at Luton, the bag was safe, but at Manchester it was nowhere to be found.

Although the authorities hope that the bag has merely been mislaid, it is feared that this is a repetition of the robbery which took place between London and Luton less than six months ago.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Mr. Walter Neef, who has been connected with the Associated Press of America since its inception, died at Liverpool yesterday after a brief illness.

Miss Eva Booth, commander of the Salvation Army in the United States, collapsed yesterday when she was about to address a large gathering at New York.

For heroically plunging into a shark-infested sea and rescuing a lady passenger on April 16, Dan Pearce, steward on the R.M.S. Rimatoka was yesterday awarded the Royal Humane Society's silver medal.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Easterly breezes; fine, dry, and sunny generally; rather warmer.

Lighting-up time, 8.44 p.m.
Sea passages will be moderately generally.

VENGEANCE BY FIRE ON A TOWN.

Strange Theory of Incendiary Outbreaks at Croydon.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

The conviction that a dangerous incendiary is at work in Croydon is causing the most serious misgivings among business people there.

So strongly is the belief held that an informal vigilance committee has been formed, and scores of volunteer watchers are nightly assisting the police in their organised attempt to detect the culprit.

The circumstances surrounding the fire which occurred at Messrs. Ebbutt's early on Sunday morning are certainly suspicious enough in themselves.

When it is considered that similar fires have occurred on four successive Sundays, it must be allowed that there is good ground for the alarm of the good people of Croydon.

The premises burned consisted of a large workshop, standing on high brick pillars. The space underneath was equally inflammable.

All around are old wooden buildings, and immediately in front is the fine new Croydon Town Hall.

Who Scaled the Fence?

Mr. Ebbutt took a look around his premises shortly after ten o'clock and found everything quiet. At twelve the workshop was ablaze, and the fire brigade, which had been called out to extinguish a burning haystack at Shirley had much ado to save the surrounding buildings.

The workshop was so completely burned that no traces of actual incendiarianism could possibly be left. But there are marks on the gate showing that someone had scaled it to enter the premises, and had returned to the street in the same way.

Setting aside the theory of incendiarianism, this outbreak, and the great fire of the preceding week, are altogether inexplicable. And in both cases the brigade had been called out to deal with an unimportant fire at some distance from Croydon.

It has been said that several business firms in Croydon have received anonymous warnings that their premises are to be burned. Inquiry into this statement shows it to have little ground.

It is true that several Croydon firms have been warned to exercise special care and vigilance, but these warnings appear to have come from the police.

Serious Threats.

At present the police are engaged in investigating a theory which has been suggested in regard to this succession of fires.

In 1902, a man whose reputation in the neighbourhood is that of an old-time highwayman, was sentenced to three years' imprisonment by the Croydon Bench.

When the sentence was passed he attacked the magistrates with the most violent threats. "When I come out," he declared, "I will make Croydon suffer for this. I'll do it all the harm I can."

These threats are now recalled, and the possibility of a connection between this man and the series of fires is being carefully tested.

One effect of the baptism of fire Croydon has undergone has been the general attention directed upon the obsolete fire station. Engines and horses are so placed that two valuable minutes longer than is necessary are occupied in starting from the station.

BEARS ON THE BIG WHEEL.

Polar Octet See the Sights of London from a Trolley.

Eight of the seventeen Polar bears performing at the Hippodrome went for a drive yesterday to see the sights of London.

"Why this invidious distinction?" asked the other nine, gnashing their teeth, when they saw Banno and George, Tom (who, by the way, is a lady), Jimmie, Ella, Pussie, Willie, and Johnnie take their places in their trolley and three.

Seated in a comfortable wicker chair was Herr Ernst Albers, their trainer, smoking a cigarette and just as much at home as an ordinary man would be in a poultry yard.

At Earl's Court Banno, or Iceberg, a monster over 7ft. long, rolled lazily out of his cage and padded quietly up the steps and into a saloon of the Great Wheel with his trainer.

WHAT WOULD THE JUDGE DO?

It was alleged against a young man lodger, in the Southwark County Court yesterday, that he had done a "moonlight flit" when largely indebted to his landlady.

Taxed with it, he remarked, "I daresay you would do the same thing yourself, your Honour, if you were given a holiday and then found that you had got the sack."

Judge Addison: No; I should not run away from my liabilities.

PLAQUE AT LEITH.

Easy and Effective Method of Killing Infectious Rats.

Every precaution is being taken by the Port of London Sanitary Committee against an epidemic of bubonic plague, of which four cases have occurred at Leith, one patient having died.

Yesterday Dr. H. Williams, medical officer of health, went to Gravesend with the committee to make sure that measures were being taken to avoid all risk.

There have been no further cases at Leith. But Mrs. Hughes, the wife of the tramway labourer who died last week, is in a very serious condition. Twenty-five persons are still under observation in strict isolation.

So terrified are townspeople that a middle-aged woman who keeps a florist's shop was made quite ill by constantly hearing references to the plague scare, and for a time was firmly convinced she had contracted the disease.

Brown Paper Trap.

Ratcatchers are hard at work, and the following method, which has been tried with great success in London warehouses, is one of those about to be adopted.

Into a barrel, in which a brick has been placed endwise on the top of another, water is poured until only the top of the upper brick is visible. The barrel is then covered with stout brown paper, upon which bacon-rind is placed, and to which a plank makes a convenient gateway.

Fresh bacon-rind is put down every day until the rats are found to take it freely, when a flap is cut in the paper, so that the first rat who comes to eat the rind falls into the water. The second does likewise, and as there is only room for one rat on the brick-top, any instantly begin to fight, and by so doing attract all the rats in the vicinity. It is a curious fact in natural history that no rat can hear other rats fighting without at once rushing into the fray.

They seem to lose all sense of danger, and if the trap has been properly prepared the water in the morning will be found almost full of dead rats. Incredible numbers have been killed in this way, no fewer than 2,000 having been taken in one night at a Thames wharf.

HORSE AMBULANCES.

Princess Interests Herself in a Merciful Contrivance for the Injured.

The courtyard of Kensington Palace was the scene of an interesting incident yesterday morning.

Around the steps were assembled H.R.H. Princess Henry of Batterberg, her daughter, Princess Ena, and Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, with ladies and gentlemen in attendance. At 9.30 precisely, the merry tinkle of sleigh-bells and the "gong! gong!" of a fire-alarm, a strange-looking vehicle on rubber tyres drawn by two smart horses galloped up. It was the sixth horse ambulance issued by Our Dumb Friends' League for use in the London streets.

A telephone message to "407 Victoria" will bring an ambulance and two capable men to the spot where a horse lies disabled with the least possible delay.

MOTORISTS AND POLICE.

Mr. Jarrott's Firm Is Prepared To Fight to the Bitter End.

Mr. Charles Jarrott was yesterday asked by the *Daily Mirror* what course the firm of Jarrott and Letts proposed to pursue in the event of the prosecution of the cyclist patrols placed by them on the Brighton road.

"It is absolutely untrue," said Mr. Jarrott emphatically, "that we have employed cars to follow the police about, to discover 'traps,' and to warn cars of the presence of the police. We have a certain number of cyclists on the road, but their instructions are not to warn motorists against police 'traps,' but to warn them not to exceed the legal limit of speed."

"I think it extremely unlikely that the police will go so far as to prosecute the cyclists, but if they do we shall fight the case to the bitter end, taking it to the House of Lords, if need be."

"I think myself that the dust nuisance is a far more serious question than that of speed. And the man who can really solve the problem of laying the dust will go far towards laying the bogey of popular prejudice against motor-cars."

MUCH THE SAME THING.

"I know the police. My father was in the force. He would have been Chief Commissioner only they wanted a staff-sergeant."

Even this ingenious plea did not save Henry Davidson from a sentence of ten days inflicted yesterday by the Greenwich magistrates for begging.

STRIKERS' ARMY GOES HOME.

Men of Raunds Leave London Richer by £170.

"GENERAL" INVALIDED.

With light hearts but their coffers swelled by £170 as a result of their invasion of London, the Raunds shoemakers started on their homeward march yesterday.

During their two days' visit General Gribble and his men have been feted continually. They have visited two London places of amusement, and have had more invitations to nondescript meals than they could possibly accept.

And although they did not see the War Minister they take with them the consolation that through their efforts an official inquiry has been set on foot. So they are marching back to the villages of Raunds and Ringstead well satisfied.

There were 116 who started out yesterday week; 118 are on the road home to-day, for two boys who walked up unofficially have now been enlisted.

They assembled at the Marble Arch yesterday morning at ten, and after a few "valdictory speeches," the "General" gave the now familiar order "March." With a large force of police before, behind, and on either side, the army set off down the Edgware-road.

"General" Forced to Ride.

Much to his regret the "General" was forced to follow in a wagonette. He hopes to be able to march with the others in a day or two, but at present he is acting as baggage-master, and taking charge of the men's kits and the new crutches presented to Pearson, the cripple.

The homeward journey will take seven days, and halts are being made at Watford, Chesham, Tring, Leighton Buzzard, Olney, and Northampton. The police accompanied the strikers as far as Cricklewood, and the men rested, for the last time in the London area, on the lawn of the Crown Hotel.

During the halt Mr. Gribble talked to the *Daily Mirror* of the results of the invasion. "Two things I think we have accomplished," he said; "an inquiry has been ordered, and people know now that we are not lazy fellows striking without reason. The trip has been a great success from beginning to end. The men have given me no trouble, and we have been well treated everywhere. I am especially grateful for the kindness of the London police."

LEICESTER MEN WILL START.

Ranks To Be Swelled by Recruits from the Workhouse.

On Sunday next some 700 of Leicester's unemployed will set off to march the ninety-eight miles to London, which they hope to cover in five days. The decision was made at a mass meeting yesterday in the market-place.

They are prepared to sleep in the open-air, but rely for sustenance upon charitable contributions. Stretchers will be carried, and invalids will be borne to the nearest workhouse infirmary. There will be a brass band, and it is hoped that a gigantic demonstration in Trafalgar-square will conclude the journey.

Forty inmates of Leicester Workhouse intend to join the ranks, which will be composed mainly of unskilled labourers. "Lead, Kindly Light" is to be sung as the men leave Leicester.

It remains to be seen what attitude the police will adopt. Possibly the procession, if it starts, will never reach Northampton.

"PENNY BET TOO MUCH."

Man Prefers Suicide to Appearing to a Summons for Wife Assault.

It transpired at the Westminster Coroner's Court yesterday that John Redickson, aged 37, a labourer, of Chelsea, had been summoned for wife assault.

His dead body was found in the Grosvenor Canal, and his wife had no idea that he was missing until she appeared at the court to give evidence against him.

Redickson's mother said that the wife was as bad as the husband. She knew two wrongs did not make a right, but thought it was hard that he should have all the blame. If he did bet it was only a small sixpenny bet, such as working men had.

The Coroner: I think a penny is too much. The jury returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

Royal Humane Society awards were yesterday presented by the Mayor of Gateshead to Robert Hogg and Thomas Fenwick, youths, for saving life in the Tyne.

TO SAVE £800,000.

Proposal to Exclude Young Children from the Elementary Schools.

Eight hundred thousand pounds a year may be saved to the ratepayers if the Board of Education approve of proposals recently made by the National Union of Teachers.

This sum is paid annually to the elementary schools of the country as grants for children between the ages of three and five years. Many medical and educational authorities believe that school attendance is bad for such young children, and it is reported that the Board of Education is considering the withdrawal of these grants.

The Board has already informed the authorities building new school accommodation in various parts of the country that they need not provide schoolrooms for such young children. But it should be added that this information was given the local authorities before the Teachers' proposals were made.

If the Board of Education take this step it would no doubt do much to lighten the rates, for, in addition to the annual £800,000 directly saved by the abolishing of the grants, the space now occupied by such young children would be released for the use of older scholars. This would greatly benefit such growing districts as East Ham, and, according to some estimates, reduce the number of new schools required by that locality from three to two.

But there is likely to be a great outcry against the proposed innovation. Thousands of mothers in the poorer districts send the little ones to school while they themselves go out to assist in earning the daily bread. It is a choice between letting the children be looked after by the teachers or leaving them alone at home, or letting them play in the gutter.

LONELY DIPLOMAT.

Why the Korean Charge d'Affaires Killed Himself in the Midst of Splendour.

There will be no inquest on the body of the unfortunate young Korean Charge d'Affaires, Yi Han Eung, who killed himself at the Korean Legation at Earl's Court last Friday.

A friend of his yesterday told the *Daily Mirror* that sheer loneliness had led to melancholy and self-destruction.

"Until fifteen months ago," he said, "the Korean Legation was a scene of great activity, but soon after the war began Yi Han Eung was left quite alone."

"There he was in a superbly-appointed mansion decorated with the utmost taste, lovely carpets, beautiful pictures, choice articles de vertu, costly furniture—alone."

"For four months he had barely one caller a week, and he had little money. He frequently answered the door himself to dealers."

"Every day for weeks he had been seen standing behind the curtains of an upper window looking the picture of Oriental resignation and melancholy. Gradually he sank into ill-health, and at last ended his misery."

DEADLY RIVALS.

Gun Employed in a Lovers' Quarrel for a Girl's Hand.

An exciting quarrel between two rival lovers, in which a gun figured very prominently, occupied the attention of the Crewe Bench yesterday.

John Carr was charged with assaulting William Bostock. According to Bostock's story Carr was courting a Miss Bratherton, who is Bostock's housekeeper.

When Carr called to take the lady out for a walk he suddenly rushed at Bostock and knocked him down.

Then Bostock got his gun and levelled it at Carr, with the intention of firing at him. But Carr rushed the armed man, wrested the gun from him, and broke it. He then gave Bostock a severe thrashing.

The lady then gave her version of the story. It was her wish, she said, that the acquaintance between herself and Carr should cease. She admitted, however, that she had gone for walks with him after acquainting him with the decision she had taken.

On this admission being made the case was dismissed.

SURVIVED FALL OF FORTY FEET.

Three workmen fell forty feet yesterday owing to the collapse of a "patent safety" scaffold, on which they were working at the corner of Agar-street, Strand. Their names were Wood, Taylor, and Ward, and all were seriously hurt. The scaffold is said to have been constructed for two men only.

Ten ringers, all of the same Christian name—Thomas—rang a complete peal in the change-ringing method known as Stedman Cater at St. Magnus the Martyr, Lower Thames-street, City. The peal contained 5,066 changes.

MOCK FUNERAL OF AN ERRING WIFE.

Strange Tale of West Country
"Court of Honour."

BONFIRE CENSURE.

Everybody who has read Thomas Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge" will remember how the people of Dorchester mobbed two of that book's characters in effigy, thereby indicating that the lady "was not as she should be."

That the curious and unpleasant west-country custom referred to by the novelist still lingers in real life was demonstrated yesterday in the Divorce Court, when a Cornish case came on for hearing.

Mr. Louis Higman, the petitioner, was married in 1882. In 1898 he took his wife to live at Bugle, near St. Austell.

To their house as a lodger came a man named Frederick Morcom, who was engaged in the place as a jeweller.

Censure by Bonfire.

Mr. Higman obtained personal proof of his wife's infidelity, but before he had done so that portion of Bugle's inhabitants which takes an interest in other people's family affairs had settled the matter for him and set the stamp of the ancient custom on the decision.

They made effigies of Mrs. Higman and Mr. Morcom, took these effigies to a field at the back of the house where Mr. Higman lived, and burned them.

The ceremony took place at nine o'clock at night, and had its unpleasantness enhanced by the presence of a man who masqueraded as a clergyman, and of a mock choir. After the burning there was a funeral.

Apparently the co-respondent, Morcom, did not object to this exhibition, for he was stated in court to have helped in the burning of his own effigy, and that of the woman whose name he had compromised. He also, it was said, supplied the beer with which the "mourners" refreshed themselves.

A report from a local paper was read, in which it was declared that the proceedings were carried out with the greatest decorum, that there were no signs of revelry, and that the only sound was that of copious mourning.

A decree nisi was granted.

"THE COUNTRY-SIDE."

New Nature Paper, Edited by Mr. E. Kay Robinson, To Be Published To-morrow.

The demand for the new weekly paper dealing with outdoor life entitled "The Country-Side," the first number of which will be issued to-morrow, has already assumed enormous proportions. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the only way to make sure of obtaining a copy of this unique publication is to order it to-day from the newsagent.

The fact that "The Country-Side" is edited by Mr. E. Kay Robinson, the well-known authority on all outdoor subjects, whose notes on "The Country Day by Day" have been one of the most popular features of the "Daily Mail," is a proof that the new paper will be both authoritative in its information and delightfully popular in the presentation of its facts.

Up-to-date notes will be given on the country day by day, and everything that concerns open-air life and recreation will find its place in the pages of "The Country-Side." The man who wants expert advice on gardening, or who wants to know how to recognise the birds and flowers and insects that he sees when on a country ramble, will find just what he wants in its pages.

AWKWARD PLUNDER.

Twenty-two bags of rubber, valued at £800, were stolen from a wharf at Nine Elms, and at the Thames Police Court yesterday George and Henry Moss, cousins, were remanded.

Their attempt to dispose of the rubber to a City merchant, who would not buy except through some respectable dealer, led to their arrest.

"THE RETORT COURTEOUS."

There was "an exchange of courtesies" between counsel and Judge at the Southwark County Court yesterday over the amendment of a claim.

In a moment of heat the former exclaimed "Surely counsel may be allowed to have a little common sense!"

"Yes," replied the Judge, "you may be allowed to have a little common sense, but I can't give it to you if you haven't got it!"

"Suicide whilst temporarily insane" was the verdict at Westminster on Saturday at the inquest on Mr. Percival Osborne, a retired Japanese Civil servant, who shot himself at the Travellers' Club, Pall Mall.

DAIRY LOVE-MAKING.

Romance Which Ended in £60 Damages
for Broken Vows.

"Then I shan't marry you, my pretty maid."
"I'll sue you for breach, then, sir" she said.

Miss Eliza Skelton went a-milking. That is to say, she accepted a position, that of cashier, in a Twickenham dairy. This happened in 1900.

The dairy belonged to a Mr. Edwards, and this Mr. Edwards had a good-looking young brother, by name Lewis Thomas Edwards, who was also employed in the dairy.

In the romantic atmosphere supplied by cows and milk-pails the two young people fell in love with one another.

Then, after having fixed the wedding day for the following February, Mr. Edwards went away for a few days, and came back "with a marked coolness in his manner."

Miss Skelton, however, in preparation for the great event of February, left the dairy, and spent £20 on buying her trousseau.

The wedding never came off. After February had come and gone Mr. Edwards wrote the following letter:—

Dear Lizzie.—I am sorry to have to write this letter to you, but as things have gone as they have I think it is best for both of us to be free, and I only think it is right for you to send me back both my rings. Anything else you are welcome to keep. As regards what you gave me, I should be very pleased if you would send a bill, and I will try and pay it.—Yours,
L. T. E.

But Miss Skelton did not send in a bill for the umbrella she had given. Instead she brought an action for breach of promise of marriage.

After she had told the Court yesterday that her faithless lover had married somebody else, the jury awarded her £60 damages.

BEGGING IN CHURCH.

Alien Who Annoyed Worshippers by Tears
and Entreaties.

An alien named Anna Gordoun was charged at Marylebone yesterday with begging in the Russian chapel.

Her practice was to follow people into the chapel, sit down beside them, and commence crying and begging.

When she received anything she made her way to another person, and pursued the same tactics. When arrested she had in her possession 10s. in gold, 9s. in silver, and eleven pence.

It was shown that she had been an annoyance at the Russian chapel for months, and she was fined £5 or one month's imprisonment.

AN UNCONSCIOUS "TIP."

How a "Daily Mirror" Reader Picked the
Winner of the Jubilee Stakes.

"I had often heard," writes "A Grateful Reader," that the *Daily Mirror* racing predictions were very good, but I had never tried them until Saturday. Then I did so, with success, in the following curious way:—

"I had been reading over the list of horses entered for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton, and saw 'Ambition' among them.

"Then I read the serial story, and in it I found the word 'ambition' occurred no fewer than five times in the first three columns.

"This so impressed itself upon my mind that I put a little money on the horse Ambition, with the result that I am a richer man to-day than I was on Saturday morning."

"I am very much obliged to the *Daily Mirror* for its unconscious 'tip.'"

STRANGE ACQUITTAL SCENE.

A scene unprecedented in the history of Brentford Police Court occurred yesterday, when four young Ealing mechanics were found not guilty of a charge of assault.

The court was thronged with friends of the accused, and when the decision was given they threw up their hats and gave cheer after cheer.

Eleven policemen were on duty in the court, and it took their combined efforts some minutes to clear the room. The cheering was then renewed in the corridors and outside, and business had to be suspended until the crowd was moved on.

STOLE FOR HIS MOTHER.

Harry Franklin, aged eighteen, who was sentenced to twenty-one hard labour at Lambeth yesterday for stealing 3s. for his mother, appears to be almost a hopeless case.

When thirteen years old he was sent to the Feltham Industrial School for three years, but directly he left fell into evil ways.

BITE OF THE DEAD.

Ghastly French Crime Traced by the
Victim's Teeth Marks.

A thrilling story of murder is told in regard to Gaston Henri Thiriot, formerly a cab-driver and latterly a barkeeper, and Jean Baptiste Saurat, a young clerk, who were charged at Bow-street yesterday.

The two men, who were arrested at Rathbone-place, are stated to have called upon an old widow in a Paris restaurant, and there, it is said, they cruelly murdered her and decamped with £450 in bonds and £60 in savings.

During her struggles the victim bit one of her assailants in the arm, the other in the hand. These slight wounds led to the arrest of Thiriot and Saurat.

In answer to the charge of murder preferred against him, Thiriot stoutly denied it, and Saurat said he did not understand why he had been arrested.

It is stated that when the case comes up again at Bow-street Bertillon, the famous chief of the Parisian Criminal Investigation Department, and M. Hamard, chief of the Vigilance Society, will give evidence.

"RIVER PIRATES."

Curious and Exciting Story of a Night Hunt
on the Thames.

A curious story was related at the Westminster Police Court yesterday in regard to four young waterside labourers who were charged with being concerned in stealing from the Westminster Wharf barrels of beer, the property of Messrs. Watney, Combe, Reid, and Co., Limited.

The allegation was that some men boarded a barge laden with beer, and that they took away four firkins of ale.

It was stated that the men, under the influence of drink, tried to row back to the barge, but, fouling one of the buttresses of Vauxhall Bridge, were swamped.

They were in danger of being drowned, but were ultimately rescued and finally arrested.

Mr. Horace Smith remanded them in custody.

PITY FOR AN ACTOR.

Feminine Sympathiser Sends £1 to Unfortunate
Member of the Profession.

An actor named J. P. MacMillan was sued at the Southwark County Court on Thursday for the balance of the price of a suit of clothes, and told a sad story of having rehearsed for two plays which proved unsuccessful, resulting in his receiving only a week and a half's wages in fourteen months.

As a result of the publication of a report of the case a letter was received by Judge Addison, K.C., at the court yesterday from a lady, enclosing a postal order for £1.

The donor wrote that "though not a theatre-goer myself I know a good deal about theatrical life, and how terribly difficult it is sometimes to get engagements."

His Honour instructed Mr. Schofield (the chief clerk) to forward the gift to MacMillan.

DOG AS BURGLAR ALARM.

Suburban Supper Party Broken Up by a
"Crouching Figure."

Disturbed by the barking of a dog while they were at supper, Mr. D. J. Jackson, 6, Aden-terrace, Stoke Newington, and a friend went into the garden to reconnoitre. They found behind the wall the crouching figure of a man.

"I am here for a purpose," replied the intruder to Mr. Jackson's question. "You had better not interfere with me, for I am a desperate man."

With police help the man was secured. He was remanded at North London yesterday for loitering with felonious intent, the magistrate saying, "When he is brought up again I expect to hear all that can be said both for and against him."

DISPLEASED WITH THE HOME.

"Don't send me to Holloway," pleaded Clara Lepper at Marylebone Police Court yesterday. "I have been locked up 106 times, and as I can't eat the food they supply they give me nothing else but medicine. Oh, don't send me there again; I'm simply starved."

Mr. Paul Taylor deemed her to be a helpless case and fined her 10s. or seven days.

DISCHARGED WORKMAN'S REVENGE.

When his employer discharged him because work was slack, Walter Blanchard, a bricklayer, assaulted him and inflicted serious injuries.

He pleaded at West London yesterday that he had a mother and father and two brothers to keep, but was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour.

AUSTRALIANS' LUCKY CAPTAIN.

Splendid Batting by the Hon. F. S.
Jackson, A. O. Jones, George
Gunn, and Victor Trumper.

IREDALE AVAILABLE.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last year's Cambridge Captain.)

The Australians started well against Oxford yesterday, Darling calling right to Carlisle. "Austrian Joe" seems particularly good at the toss, and has won the spin of the coin contest in every Australian match up to date.

Some captains are notoriously lucky in this department of the game, and as P. F. Warner's team in Australia showed sufficiently plainly, the advantage of winning the toss in Test matches is simply incalculable. Let us hope that Darling is getting rid of some of his overwhelming luck before the great matches commence.

Trumper played beautiful cricket yesterday in the Parks, and was a treat to watch. Everyone must be glad to see him running into form, as he plays a free and delightful game, his foot-work especially being quite wonderful.

First Batsmen and the Swerver.

It must be borne in mind that nowadays there is a great disadvantage in going in first, as practically every side has a swerver in the team, and the ball in the first few overs often swims in the air in the most amazing manner. Moreover, the ball curves in the air much more over here than it does in Australia, owing, I believe, to the extra density of the air in England. Trumper and Duff have naturally been somewhat puzzled by this novelty, but as the season wears on they are bound to surmount this difficulty in timing the ball.

Burn, of Oxford, is a swimmer, who comes in a lot from the off. He is probably the slowest bowler in first-class cricket, with the exception of the leg-break bowlers. He bowls left-handed, and relies on his swerve and the off theory to get wickets. He has enjoyed unparalleled success against C. B. Fry.

Some of the probabilities for the first Test match, at Nottingham, were in from yesterday, F. S. Jackson especially coming out strong with 111. He has always done so well against the Australians.

Jackson Badly Wanted.

It is to be most sincerely hoped that F. S. Jackson will be able to play for England right through the five Test matches. It is certain that if he were to fall in the first four matches, a most unlikely contingency, by the way, the fifth match would still find him occupying a place for the team.

Jones played a great game for his side yesterday at Lord's, and punished the Middlesex bowling most severely. He got 72 of the best in 80 minutes, and there was never a dull minute while he was in. Finally, he was brilliantly caught by E. Beldam from a smashing drive.

George Gunn carried on the good work, and was unlucky, indeed, to miss the coveted century by one run, being bowled by what looked like a full pitch. He is an extremely pretty batsman, who stands right up to his work, and puts the stick against the ball very hard, especially on the off side.

A. O. Jones, in view of his present form, must be practically certain of a place in the first Test match, which will be a new feather in the cap of Nottingham. A. C. MacLaren did not turn out for Lancashire yesterday, which is unfortunate for the champions, as he would be almost certain to collect a big score. However, owing to some good bowling by Kermode and Haulands, the champions look thus early like scooping another victory.

Might Strengthen the Colonials.

Kermode is in great form this year with the ball, and the Australians might do worse than put him in their side for the first Test match.

The Colonials have so far been very unlucky on this tour, as illness and accident have both been prevalent. Frank Iredale being now in England, it is not unlikely that Darling will utilise his valuable services, especially as he was in great form in Australia last season.

P. F. Warner got a most useful 60 against Notts yesterday, and was only out late in the day's play. Had he succeeded in keeping his end up till the close of play, Middlesex would have been in a very strong position.

F. B. WILSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. B. (Newcastle).—"Playing dogs" is playing careful cricket and taking no liberties. Also sitting on the splice. 2. Yes. Wisden's.

GLOUCESTER MAN.—Yes, G. L. Jessop is known as "the Master." The nickname, I believe, given him at Cambridge. 2. Yes, the "Crow."

EN PASSANT.—I do not know who first called the Australian team "the Strugglers." 2. I suppose it was because they are struggling not to lose. 3. P.M.—"In the cart." In a losing position.

Scores and further details of yesterday's cricket will be found on page 14.

"NEWMARKET FEVER" IN FRANCE.

Some of M. Blanc's Horses Attacked
—Val d'or and Jardy Isolated.

OUR DERBY PROSPECTS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

There is an affection known as "Newmarket fever" which sometimes plays havoc with horses at the headquarters of the English Turf.

It has frequently upset the best-laid schemes through occurring at a critical time—almost on the eve of a great race, a big handicap, the Derby, or what not.

M. Blanc's famous establishment, the La Foulleuse stables, has been attacked with something of the Newmarket epidemic, and, although it is denied to be of the epidemic order, the situation is obviously very dangerous.

That good horse, Adam, of whom English readers have heard as a veritable wonder, caught the infection and was unable to run in the Prix Lupin. It was fortunate for M. Blanc that there was an efficient substitute in Genial, an easy winner of this valuable prize.

JARDY AND VAL D'OR AT LA CHATAIGNERAIE.

Every care has been taken to isolate Jardy and Val d'Or. The pair have been taken to M. Blanc's other place, La Chataigneraie, to continue, it is hoped, under perfectly safe conditions their preparation for their classic engagements, of which, as far as we are concerned, the English Derby is chief.

It is announced on authority that, all being well, both colts will be sent over to compete at Epsom. They are already under orders, it is said, bound for W. Holt's stables at Epsom, where the ill-fated Gouvernant was located last year. Everybody remembers how badly that horse ran in St. Amant's Derby, but none can explain the precise reasons.

Val d'Or, reported on the best authority better than Jardy, is quoted in the latest London betting at a shorter price. Most English racing men will no doubt prefer to abide by the proof seen with their own eyes in last autumn's Middle Park Plate. It is a hard thing to say, but it must be said that in this behaving most sensibly, they may, as in most things in racing, be utterly wrong.

ENGLISH SPORTSMEN SYMPATHETIC.

All will wish well to the French horses in their preparation for the great race. None is so churlish as to desire a cheap English victory. If M. Blanc's colts do not cross the Channel, the Derby will be robbed of its greatest interest.

Simultaneously with the news of the outbreak of the coughing, etc., in the Gallic stable comes the news that Jardy and Val d'Or will not be sent to England till five or six days before the date of the Derby. That date is now a bare fortnight away, so one can easily understand how great must be M. Blanc's anxiety about the present well-being of his horses.

Our English champion, Cicero, continues to give great satisfaction in his daily work, and visitors to Newmarket this week will be very anxious to see the colt. It will be a popular disappointment if Cicero does not run to-morrow in the Newmarket Stakes. The Heath has grown so hard that it is probable Cicero will be kept from the ordeal of a racing gallop.

CICERO'S CHANCES.

There are sound general reasons for taking no risks at such a juncture with a Derby favourite. There may be particularly good reasons in Cicero's case. Not that I wish to throw suspicion on the healthy calibre of the colt, but one must needs remember that he went wrong last summer, has not fulfilled any engagement this season, and, indeed, has not been seen on a racecourse since last July.

Of Cicero's superior quality there can be no doubt, and the best judges say he will most probably credit Lord Rosbery with his third Derby. Sportsmen generally heartily echo the wish, and just as heartily hope that he will reach victory through proved superiority over both Jardy and Val d'Or.

It is now stated on authority that Mr. De Wend Penton has determined not to run Veda again before the Derby. That colt, apparently beaten by Cicero squarely and fairly at Ascot, has never in the meantime enjoyed the reputation of a first-class horse. His immediate admirers protest emphatically against this false judgment. Ascot found Veda in one of his worst moods. One thing is clear, that Veda has put in some grand work this season, and he should prove a thorn in the side of the best at Epsom. GREY FRIARS.

(To-day's racing programme and "Grey Friars" Special Selections for Newmarket will be found on page 14.)

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Last night forty men who had been imported to Tyneside from Scotland in consequence of the building trade lock-out returned home after the local trades union officials had explained the situation to them.

Victoria Bridge Inn, two miles from Durham, was entirely burnt out yesterday.

Consisting of nine battleships and five cruisers, the Channel Fleet left Yarmouth for Grimsby yesterday.

In the pillar letter-box at Mudford, Yeovil, Somerset, a nest of a timouise, containing five eggs, has been discovered.

Football clubs in Nottingham are being invited by the president of the Notts Football Association to arrange rifle teams to take part in a League shooting contest.

Many broods of young wild duck have been successfully hatched during the past few days by the mallard inhabiting the Serpentine and the Round Pond, Kensington Gardens.

Louisa, Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn, the "Mother of the Peerage," left estate of the value of £24,452 gross, and £23,261 net. The testatrix bequeathed £50 for the poor of Baron's Court, Ireland.

After being fined for drunkenness a Tiverton (Devon) marine-store dealer walked to an hotel where a sale was taking place and bought some cottage property, paying £105 deposit money in gold, which he carried with him.

Search for coal in East Lothian has resulted in the discovery of a valuable coalfield at Rigghead, between Inverkeith and Prestonpans. There is a supply of coal sufficient to keep hundreds of workmen employed for years.

For the cross-Channel traffic between Glasgow and Belfast a high-speed turbine has been ordered by Messrs. Burns, Limited. The Fairway Company will also build a steamer, which, it is expected, will shorten the passage by an hour.

Permission was yesterday given by the Thames Conservancy to the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway to construct an embankment at the lower side at Tilbury Pier, with a triangular stage.

Continued agricultural depression has led the Duke of Newcastle to remit 10 per cent. of the rents of the tenants on his Nottinghamshire estates for the past six months.

In a crow's nest in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright a pure white young bird has been discovered. It is quite as lively and as healthy as its black neighbours.

Glasgow is in favour of opening its art galleries on Sundays. The result of the plebiscite declared yesterday was as follows: For, 53,389; against, 45,181.

Last night's reports of the various societies record further depression in the boiler-making, iron and steel smelting, and tin-plate trades.

Dr. Barnardo has returned to town greatly benefited in health by his stay abroad.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT CROYDON.



A bad blaze occurred on the premises of A. C. Ebbutt, house furnisher. The town hall (on the left) was threatened. The many recent Croydon fires are attributed to an incendiary.

At Alderley Park, near Crewe, the death was announced yesterday of the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, widow of the third baron. Her ladyship was the daughter of the late Señor Don San Roman, of Seville.

Carlton-in-Lindrick, a village near Worksop, possesses a pig-trough said to be bewitched. It is of massive stone, and, so the story runs, brings disaster to all swine who thrust their snouts into it. Further, it is said, if a person walks round it nine times, he will hear the ringing of church bells.

For the third time the living of Rufford (Lancashire), rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. J. F. Hogg Goggin, has been offered to and refused by clergymen. The vicar of Astley, near Manchester, is the last to decline the incumbency.

Mr. Tennant, headmaster of a school recently carried on by Presbyterians at Tweedmouth, was locked out yesterday on account of a dispute between the church managers and the Education Committee.

Yielding to a personal application, the guardians of Newton Abbot (Devon) have granted permission for one of the inmates to attend the local Wesleyan chapel instead of the services at the workhouse.

Colonel Yorke, in his report yesterday on the recent collision on the Great Western Railway at Stapleton-road, blames both the signalman and the driver of the light engine.

For 266 years the post of sexton in the Derbyshire mining village of Crich has been held by the Wetton family, who still carry on the tradition.

Mr. George Dew, L.C.C., has been adopted Labour candidate for the Macclesfield Division of Cheshire.

Edmonton County Court officials yesterday found that the only thing taken away by a burglar who had broken into the premises was the judge's magnifying glass.

Mr. Hayes Fisher, M.P., will preside at the dinner of the Imperial Industries Club, to be held at Prince's Restaurant next Friday.

Several of the homes for children in the Camberwell Union are being closed owing to the prevalence of measles.

Two young gorillas from the Camerons will be brought to the Zoo by Keeper Robinson, who had charge of the late Consul I.

Deptford's new town hall is to have a model of Nelson's ship, the Victory, as a weather-vane. This is symbolical of Deptford's eminence as a naval centre.

From Lough Rea the body of Michael Skelly, servant to the late Dr. Lough, of Belfast, was recovered yesterday. Master and man were drowned together five weeks ago.

Mrs. Hannah Bursall, a native of Wymondham, Leicestershire, who has just attained her 101st birthday, distinctly remembers the village festivities after the battle of Waterloo.

Crewe's new and handsome post office, built at a cost of nearly £10,000, was formally opened yesterday by the mayor of the town, who telegraphed congratulations to the Postmaster-General.

With his hands tied behind his back and a large stone fastened round his neck, the dead body of Thomas Lea, baker, Bromyard, Hereford, was found in a brook yesterday. He should have met his creditors some time ago, but disappeared.

THE CITY.

"Undigested" Stock Brings About
Two Small Liquidations.

GENERAL GLOOM.

CAPEL COURT, Monday.—It was a curious day on the Stock Exchange, a day that was really no good to anybody. Things had gone far enough in the way of a rise. There is still a good deal of liquidation to be done, and investment business is not coming forward rapidly enough to take the stock available. In the circumstances those who were gambling for the rise, and there was a sufficiency of them on the Stock Exchange, in spite of the knowledge of the weakness around, were not in a happy mood. The general public, or that section of it that is given to speculation, has apparently been hit hard enough in Americans. At any rate, the market puts down Mr. Herbert Oddie's failure to-day to clients not meeting differences, and Mr. Sidney Heywood Glover also failed, both failures being of a comparatively unimportant nature. Still, it all means stocks to liquidate. There is a good deal of undigested stock about the markets now-days.

Still, there are some people brave enough to think that the investing public want new issues and will subscribe for them. The Standard Bank of South Africa is apparently one such, and under its auspices there comes out to-day a prospectus of a Wynberg (Cape Colony) 4 per cent. loan at 96 to the amount of £120,000.

DELASSE RUMOURS.

At one time they pressed Consols down to 90 1/16 for the account. There was a slight rally to 90 1/2 at the finish. There was a variety of adverse rumours. One such was that when M. Delcassé has got his official pronouncement as to the Morocco question out of the way, he also is to withdraw from official scenes. The Delcassé resignation story is doing real, good, time-honoured service on the Stock Exchange. Whenever there is any selling from Paris M. Delcassé comes on the scene once more. To-day's Paris selling seemed to be largely owing to the closing of an account in Rio Tintos, which was said to be due to a death. Whatever the cause, there was a nasty slump in Rio Tintos in the morning from 60 1/2 to 59 1/2, part of the drop being recovered later.

BRAVE INVESTORS WANTED.

In Americans there is undoubtedly a lot of stock floating about without a permanent holder. People may take it over and get rid of it again, but the trouble remains. In vain we all talk of crop prospects. We do not want crops; we want the investor, the man with money to spare and bravery enough to spare it. The "bears" in New York see their chance on every rally, and so the trouble continues. To-day they hoisted a few stocks, and put about rumours of a favourable nature, and New York proved a buyer rather than a seller when it started operations. The close was good, Northern Securities being favoured at 177.

In the prevailing gloom there were no Mark Tapleys in the Miscellaneous lot. London and India Dock stock comes dribbling into the market in connection with the fears about the Allan Line removing its custom to the Surrey Commercial Dock, and what the effect will be. We are getting within hailing distance of the Allsopp report, a mere matter of a month or two. Apparently the market does not like the prospect, for the price gets beautifully low. It is wonderful how well London's boys hold up in face of the weakness recently. They dropped 1/4 to-day, to 72 1/2, but that is a mere nothing.

STARVED KAFFIR MARKET.

The British Cotton and Wool Dyers' report was scanned with interest. It showed that during the period under review there was only a very little recovery, for the company did not feel the benefit of the Lancashire revival. But the report expresses itself hopefully as regards the present year.

No public and starvation characterise the Kaffir market. If the "House" speculators buy one day they sell the next, and that is about all the business that is done. To-day prices were shrinking, and all the optimistic rumours forgotten. Even the rally in West Africans came to an end, and West Africans alone held their heads up.

The Rhodesian gold output for April shows 33,268oz. This compares with 34,927oz. for March.

The Stock Exchange will be closed on Saturday next, May 20.

ANSWERS TO INVESTORS.

Commencing with this week's issues the "Daily Mirror" is prepared to furnish answers to inquiries on the subject of stocks, shares, and other forms of investment. To the best of its ability the soundest opinions will be secured, and infallibility is not pretended. Names of brokers, recognised members of leading Stock Exchanges, will only be furnished for bona-fide investment business. Mere gambling transactions will be discouraged. In the long run the public lose where they do not get the securities they purchase. The "Daily Mirror" will be glad if its readers will forward any private invitations to subscribe for shares, bucket-shop circulars, and all forms of financial louting invitations, which gloss a multitude of sins in the financial world. The light of day can then be let in upon them.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MAY 16, 1905

A QUESTION OF CLOTHES.

TO-DAY the Duke of Connaught presides over the annual meeting of the Association which tries to help our soldiers to get work when they leave the Army. We only wish its efforts met with greater success.

Our correspondence column has shown lately how difficult it is for men who have served their country with the colours to find employment. Shameful to say, they find the search made even harder, instead of easier, by the fact that they have been in the Army. They encounter the same stupid prejudice which used to inspire the notice, "No soldiers in uniform admitted"—a notice which, we are glad to testify, is much less common than it used to be.

It is the remains of this prejudice which have led to the agitation amongst non-commissioned officers and privates for permission to wear plain clothes when they are off duty. Their argument is that officers do not wear uniform outside barracks, and that the same privilege ought to be extended to all ranks.

The better plan, it seems to us, would be to make all ranks wear uniform regularly. The British officer's dislike of the dress of his profession is partly due to our national shyness and partly to the old snobbish idea that a "gentleman" ought not to do anything for his living or to take interest in anything but "good form."

If officers were obliged to wear their uniforms always, there would be no desire on the part of other ranks to be allowed to wear plain clothes. The King's uniform would stand a far better chance of being respected and honoured.

The introduction of this reform, and more determined efforts to provide ex-soldiers with employment, would make it much easier for us to get recruits.

THE MAN WITH THE KNIFE.

For twenty-five years past the Surgeon has been growing bigger and bigger and the Physician smaller and smaller. The great doctors nowadays are all surgeons, and they have all made their names by their skill in operating.

"Cut it out" is becoming the universal remedy. Almost every second person you meet has had his "appendix" removed. Appendicitis is no longer regarded as a physician's disease at all. The merest hint of it is enough to bring the surgeon on the scene with his deft fingers and "bag of mystery."

Thousands of women are operated upon nowadays where formerly the knife used to be applied to tens. Surgical nursing homes have sprung up in all directions. That surgery has made marvellous advances while medicine has stood still is a commonplace of dinner-table talk.

Has the time come for a reaction against the universal "cut him open" cure? It would seem so in Germany, at any rate. One of the most famous of German doctors, Professor Schweininger, medical adviser to the great Bismarck, has just been protesting against the mania for operations, and against the way in which "the physician is pushed aside by the surgical handiworkman."

He believes that we have grown far too willing to have certain organs cut away because we do not quite understand what use they are. He pleads for a more painstaking and less showy treatment than that of the knife. Finally, he accuses surgeons, who devote all their attention to studying some one part of the body, of losing their human feelings and treating patients merely as "material."

Exaggerated? Perhaps. But Professor Schweininger's heated remarks will find an echo in many minds.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—*Lawrence Sterne.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

IT is a curious fact that society, at least since the arrival of the motor-car, has taken to spending as much as possible of the London season at a convenient distance from London. The King left town again yesterday for Newmarket, and hundreds of well-known people followed his example. He will return, either on Thursday night or early the next day, for Friday's Levee at Buckingham Palace. During his stay at Newmarket the King will see something of his friends who have houses there, and particularly of Sir Ernest Cassel, who has a party at Aoulton Paddocks for the races.

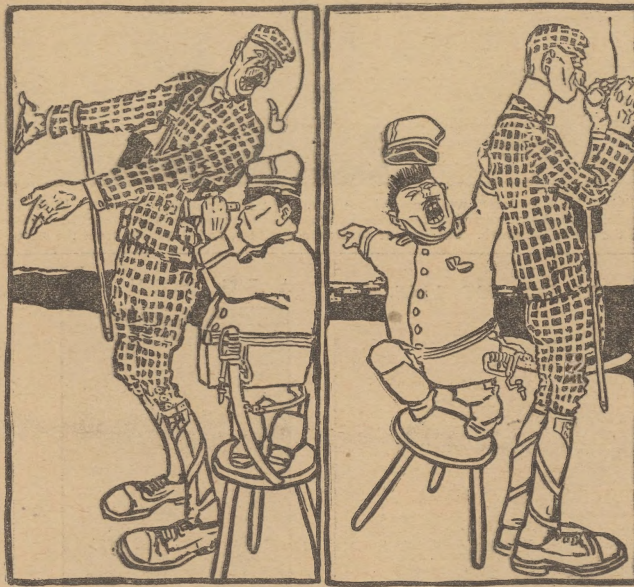
Scarcely forty years ago Sir Ernest Cassel came to England with no prospects to speak of, and started the ordinary, monotonous work of a clerk, perched on the ordinary high stool, in a Liverpool office. He was in London not long after, plodding in the same way. But very soon his grasp of finance began to tell. His first great exploit was

lunatics who chose to write to him upon matters of Imperial, municipal, and domestic policy. He was a man of action, ever in the midst of the fight. The contemporary politician is content to watch the fight from the paddock.

The epidemic of violin-playing under which London is suffering just now is appalling. Every day Regent-street is crowded with sandwichmen advertising the merits of rival fiddlers. In the newspapers they are advertised like pills or soap. Huberman, Thibaud, Florizel von Reuter, and hosts of smaller fry have given concerts. Last night we had a new prodigy—Vivien Chartres—to swell the ranks of the child-violinists already claiming attention. Mischa Elman plays this week, and for the near future numberless other recitals are announced.

Meanwhile, the real music lover regrets that such great masters of the art as Ysaye or Kreisler are heard in London so seldom. One could wish,

GERMANY JEALOUS OF ANGLO-FRENCH FRIENDSHIP.



A cartoon from the clever Munich paper, "Simplicissimus." In the first picture the Englishman is calling Japan's attention to Germany's breach of neutrality by selling Russia a fishing-smack! The second picture shows Japan calling out "Mister Balfour, Mister Balfour, the Russian fleet has anchored in a French harbour," to which the Englishman, with his back turned, replies casually, "Oh, well, it'll move on all in good time, I suppose."

to save one of the best-known firms in the City from ruin. Since then he has made several fortunes, and, two years ago, he could afford to hand the King a cheque for £200,000 to be used against the scourge of consumption.

Mr. W. K. D'Arcy, who also has an interesting house-party for Newmarket, is another very wealthy man who built up his own fortune. In his case luck had a good deal to do with it. He was a solicitor out in Queensland, and bought a quarter share in the Mount Morgan Gold-mine before anyone knew of the fabulous richness of the soil there. Mount Morgan, unlike so many of the hills advertised on tempting prospectuses, was really a gold-mine, and, as a result, Mr. D'Arcy, whose career has resembled that of the hero of "The Walls of Jericho," has taken his place in English society as a millionaire.

Politics and sport are supposed to go together in England, and many of our leading statesmen are even charged with preferring sport to politics. Certainly the Duke of Devonshire would seem to confirm this suspicion. Everybody knows how somnambulistically he took the pressure of public business, evidently as a duty rather than a pleasure. But, behold him since his resignation. Sport, especially horse-racing, has awakened him into a new life. He is forever at Newmarket or at Kempton. He is perfectly happy. I am afraid that most of the rulers of empire are only seeking for a plausible excuse to resign.

Work was a very different thing with the older type of statesman. One remembers Mr. Gladstone, who had never enough of Bills, and speeches, and arguments. His method of taking a rest was to snow postcards over England advising all the

too, that there were more real promise among the smaller people. Miss Marie Hall plays with faultless technique and beautiful tone, but she has not yet learnt to put much emotion into her playing. One misses it, especially in such works as the Beethoven sonata. Those who really understand and love music for what it means rather than what it sounds like can never be satisfied with "brilliant renderings" which leave the heart untouched.

Some very important Hindoo sects seem to have taken a great objection to Mrs. Annie Besant's methods of preaching their doctrines. Mrs. Besant lives in a monastery at Benares, the sacred city, walks barefoot, eats food which only Brahmins can eat, and lives generally a most fascinating and numismatic existence. In his book on India, which was supposed to contain no reference to the English, Pierre Loti described an interview which he had with Mrs. Besant. She told him that he must renounce all and become a kind of fakir. He seemed to consent, but apparently left Benares by the next train, and was certainly next heard of in the wilds of Central Persia.

Mrs. Besant, like so many other clever women, has one defect. She tends to be "unstable as water," and to fit uneasily from creed to creed. She has been a good many things in her time, and once in particular took up a kind of crusade with the late Charles Bradlaugh in favour of "free-thinking." Free-thinkers are, as we know, generally not those who think freely, but those whose minds are free from thought. But Mrs. Besant was undoubtedly clever, and her speeches attracted thousands. She used always, strangely enough, to address Bradlaugh in French when she spoke to him in the hearing of others.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

A MINISTER OF HEALTH.

The leading article in your paper on "A Victory for Dirt" induces me to bring to your notice the support given by the medical profession for some years to the proposal to establish a Ministry of Health in this country, with an expert Cabinet Minister at its head.

The pros and cons of the subject have been fully and widely considered, fully and widely approved of, and it needs only influential public support to become a matter for favourable Governmental consideration. F. G. BUSHNELL, M.D.

Sussex County Hospital,
Pathological Dept., Brighton.

TEACHERS' PAY.

The new salaries which the L.C.C. propose to pay to certificated teachers in elementary schools are £100-£200 a year for men, and £90-£150 for women.

Now, why should men and women who have received the same training, and are doing the same work, be paid differently? It is manifestly unfair.

It simply means that women are penalised for being women, not only by Nature, but also by the Town Council. ALICE VERNER.

Harrow-on-the-Hill.

NO WORK FOR EX-SOLDIERS.

Your correspondents are quite right about ex-soldiers not being wanted. I know a most deserving case. The man left the Army in 1903. After seven months waiting he got work in a Government factory. Now he is discharged because work is slack.

He is well-educated, speaks and writes French and Spanish, and knows book-keeping, but he cannot get employment. His service in the Army sets employers against him. The way in which we treat our ex-soldiers is a scandal. No wonder men will not enlist.

Will no one give this poor fellow a trial? F. H. South Kensington.

WHERE DO WE STAND?

It is well-known that tonics give strength, but stimulants call it forth. Stimulants excite action, but action is not strength. On the contrary, over-action increases exhaustion.

I have found milk the best thing to take for the renewal of nervous energy; and people would be far better in health if they would only eat more grapes.

God gave the clustering vine,
Ingenious man, perverse,
Exchanged the boon for wine,
A blessing for a curse.

Malpas-road, Brockley. COMMON SENSE.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord Welby.

AS chairman of the Finance Committee of the London County Council, he watches over the "watch-dog of the Council," and it is in that capacity that he has thrown out a warning about the great expenditure of £12,000,000 on the North Metropolitan tramways.

For ten years he was Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, and his financial views are those which he then acquired under Mr. Gladstone. As a Progressive he is pledged to support any expenditure for the improvement of existing conditions, but when, as a practical financier, he comes to the actual raising of the money, his enthusiasm for reform is somewhat damped.

In the old days, when the L.C.C. was able to borrow much more cheaply than it is to-day, he went really forward. Nowadays he puts the drag on the Council somewhat.

If it were not for him the Council would find it harder than it does to borrow money. He is an ideal go-between for the Council and the City, and as both trust him implicitly, he does well for both.

When he rises to speak in the Council from his place in the front row exactly opposite to the Chairman, he looks more the diplomat than the councillor. The gentle, courteous bend of his back, the strong, clean-shaven face with its prominent nose, the quiet, suave, but precise manner all tend to make him a central figure.

It is seldom that he is interrupted when speaking, for both sides have great respect for him. When by chance it happens, he can be seen to flush, for he dislikes it immensely.

His well-bred manner and kindness are said to be greatly responsible for the love which so many of the Labour Party bear towards a Lord. He was their first experience, and prejudiced them favourably.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 15.—Sweetly May runs on. In shady corners, where scarcely a violet lingers, bright green leaves encircle the quickly-bursting buds of the lilacs-of-the-valley. Here, too, ferns look young and lovely. They always seem more at home in damp spots, though in sunnier positions they often do fairly well.

Brompton stocks (useful biennials) now give welcome touches of scarlet and borders that are still vistas of almost unrelieved green. Under trees charming white "bluebells" gaily rise and scent the cool air.

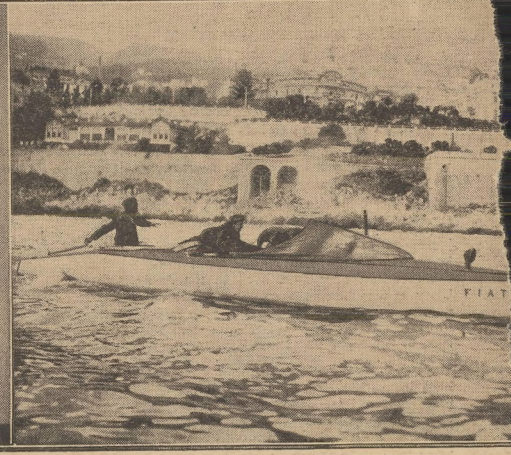
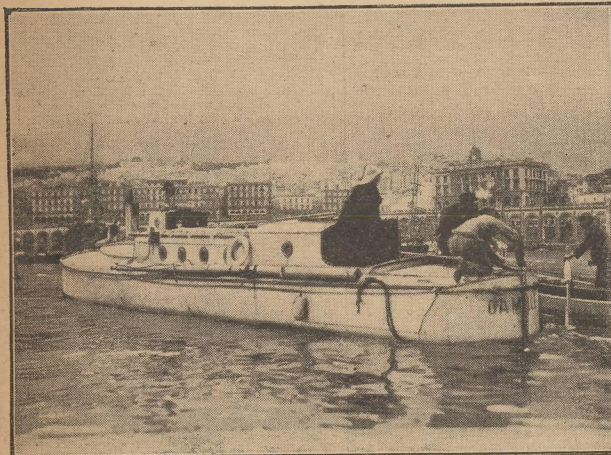
The strangely-flattened buds of the German irises have long since risen. Soon their brave flags will wave a welcome to June. E. F. T.



MIRROR CAMERAGRAPHS



THE ALGIERS-TOULON MOTOR-BOAT RACE, IN WHICH FIVE COCKLE-SHELLS MET WITH DISASTERS.



Motor-boats often come to grief. They are too lightly built for heavy weather, and are frequently managed by landsmen. In the Algiers-Toulon race five out of seven cockle-shells, all unfit for service, were wrecked. The first photograph shows the Camille, which was steered by Mme. du Gast (second photograph), who was rescued from drowning with difficulty by the French cruiser Kleber. The Italian boat, is in the third photograph. She was the smallest competitor, and was saved from the waves by being hoisted on board a larger vessel.

A JUMP WHICH ENGLISH HORSES DO NOT LIKE.



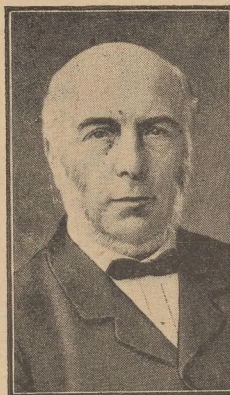
At the Royal Ulster Agricultural Show, Belfast, there is a broad bank with a ditch on each side. It is said that only a horse with Irish blood in him will take this jump.

RUGBY'S WIN AT POLO.



Rugby beat the Rest of England at Roehampton by a single goal. Mr. Rawlinson made some fine play for England. Rugby's team play was wonderful.

A BIG IRONMASTER.



Sir Benjamin Hingley, famous in the north, dead at the age of 75.

JACK CARLIN,



The umpire in the first Test match between the English and Australian teams.

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS



The "London" magazine for May contains a large photograph of a convent. The top photograph shows a novice kissing the feet of a nun while the choir of nuns sing the Te Deum.

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS

LONDON'S LEISURED CLASSES ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.



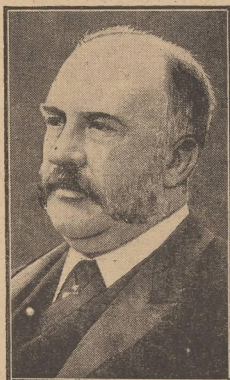
The authorities refuse to allow the parks to be used as dormitories since the agitation against it last year, and the "unemployed" now camp out on the Embankment. Besides detracting from the beauties of the landscape, they crowd out of the seats children and nurses, for whose use they are more suitable.

IN A CARMELITE CONVENT.



of the first photographs ever made in a Carmelite convent. She was sitting on the floor after making her penitential bow down and

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.



He has been elected a director of the Great Northern Railway.

TRUMPER'S 77.



The Australian did some brilliant batting yesterday in the match with Oxford University.

FEAST OF ARCHERS IN FRANCE.



Two hundred and fifty clubs, including some from France and America, were represented at the Compiègne festival. This shows the procession of ladies carrying the prizes.

NORTH SEA HEROES DECORATED BY THE KING.



For their plucky conduct when under fire of the Baltic Fleet they received Albert medals from the King's own hands. They are: W. S. Smith, mate, and A. Read, second engineer, of the Crane; C. Beer, mate, and H. Smith, chief engineer, of the trawler Gull.

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE DANGER.

Scourge Which Oppressed Europe
for Ages, and Has Now Re-
appeared in Scotland.

The white man, who, perhaps, fears nothing else, has an instinctive terror of bubonic plague. The very name of it recalls to his mind the scourge which for generations swept over Europe.

The disease, which has claimed its millions of victims in the East, is the same as the Black Death which, in the Middle Ages, killed two-thirds of the inhabitants in most parts of Europe, and even more in England. It is the same disease as that which decimated London during the Great Plague of 1665, when the dead-carts patrolled the City by night, and criers walked beside calling to the survivors: "Bring out your dead. Bring out your dead"; when few indeed were the houses which did not bear the fatal cross upon the door which told of dead or dying within; when tens of thousands were buried unnamed and unrecorded in great, common pits.

It is the same plague as that which has now broken out in Leith.

Till about two hundred and fifty years ago it was rampant in England. After the Great Plague it seemed to burn itself out, and, though still present, it lost much of its power. Gradually it left England, then France, then Central Europe, slowly retiring eastward. Southern Russia and Turkey were plague-stricken till the end of the eighteenth century, and then it retired still further till only China was really infected. Since 1894 Hong Kong has never been entirely free. Now of late years there seems reason to fear that it is once more on the move westward.

ITS STEALTHY ATTACK.

And a fearful disease it is. Its first approach might be that of almost any illness. Slight indisposition for two or three days, loss of appetite, headache, sickness, and giddiness, weaknesses, and sometimes pain in the limbs.

But these premonitory signs are often absent, and the first victim knows its sudden fever, severe headache, followed quickly by intense pain in the glands of groin, armpit, and neck. The glands swell; in a few hours they are large and tender. It is this that gives the disease the name of bubonic, from "bubo," meaning a lump.

In this state the patient remains till the fifth day. Fatal cases usually end on that day. A patient who survives the sixth has a chance of recovery. After the tenth day recovery is probable.

But the cases which survive the fatal fifth day are but too uncommon. In the last great outbreak in Canton ten years ago ninety-five cases out of every 100 were fatal, and 100,000 died in all. In Sydney, under the most favourable medical conditions, the fatal cases were 34 per cent.—the lowest number on record.

It is the cat with which bubonic plague may be mistaken for other diseases that makes it so deadly. It is seldom diagnosed until it has a firm

grip upon a district, and then to stamp it out is exceedingly difficult, first, because it is hard to trace to its origin, and, secondly, because it is so easily caught.

How infectious it is, these two cases show. During the Glasgow outbreak the wife of a land-drain developed plague. It was discovered that some of the linen her husband had handled was infected. He himself could not have the disease.

In another case, in Spain, a dockyard labourer unconsciously came in contact with plague. Though he did not suffer from it he communicated it to his household, who lived several miles inland. It is possible, too, for a patient to have plague in such a mild form that he may be going about unconscious of it, yet spreading disease and death on all hands.

DO RATS SPREAD THE PLAGUE?

Rats are supposed to be a common cause of infection. They do die of plague is certain, but they are probably only a minor cause of the rapid spread of the disease. In several cases outbreaks have been traced to contact with infected persons when the rats have been proved to be free from it, as they have also in many cases when the origin has been unknown. The slightest puncture with an infected needle is sufficient to produce the disease, and it is known that rat fleas will bite human beings, it is probable that that is how infection may arise from rats.

There is another mystery about plague. Sanitation does not seem to be as complete a check as one might expect. Singapore, where plague has several times been introduced, but never taken hold, is quite as insanitary as Hong Kong, where it is always present. Again, in Oporto there is an area which combines every possible sanitary defect, yet plague introduced there did not spread, but did so rapidly in the better parts of the town.

UNPOPULAR QUEEN MARY!

A Public Schoolboy's Curious Idea of History
and Composition.

One often sees fun made of Board school essays. Here is a specimen of a public school essay on "Bloody Queen Mary," quite as absurd as anything a poor child ever wrote. Its authenticity is vouched for by the "Oxford Magazine."

Mary burned a good many bishops in her time, she was rather unpopular, she burned the Bishop of Lancaster for one, and the Bishop of Lancaster for another, she was not liked by the people very much.

Many only reigned for a short time. She did not do much during her reign, this angered the Protestants very much indeed, she was not liked at all by the Protestant, so she tried to be as nasty as she could to them, so Mary thought she would burn some of the Bishops, so she burned the Bishop of Canterbury for one, and the Bishop of Lancaster for another Bishop, so she could not bear the Protestants at all.

She got very unpopular towards the end of her reign, she was not liked at all towards the end of her reign.

It reminds one of a piece of music with a "motive" coming in again and again, and impressing itself on the hearer's mind. As the "Oxford Magazine" comments: "It has all the haunting beauty of a fugue."

He made himself mightily entertaining during breakfast, and after the first glance at Dolores's face he was careful to avoid looking at her, and went out of his way to prevent his other guests from noticing her embarrassment.

For she was evidently embarrassed; her eyes said that she had been crying; her cheeks said that she had been suffering from some considerable emotion.

"She does love him," Vogel commented to himself. "I feared as much—but who would have thought it! A deuced fine woman, too; might have caught an English earl or an American millionaire, and I'd have gone out of my way to get rid of Hilary for her! But a silly, poverty-stricken youth like Merrick." All women are alike—actors, prize-fighters, jockeys, or anything that looks romantic or is muscular fetches them at once! Poor fools!

Vogel felt jealous of Merrick, though he was not aware of the feeling. He would not have objected to marrying Dolores himself when Hilary had been put under the turf.

She would have decorated his palace so nicely; she could wear jewels and dresses with a grace and distinction few women possessed, and she looked so decidedly expensive.

Yet because Vogel looked neither romantic nor muscular, she refused to have anything to do with him. Sometimes Vogel regretted having forced her to marry Hilary—he might have bribed the man some other way, but that was one of those ugly secrets locked up in the private scripture in his study.

A secret with a ghost: one that Vogel did not care to think about, much less unlock!

But when breakfast was over and the guests had scattered themselves in the gardens, billiard-rooms, motor-cars, or carriages, Vogel waited in the great hall for Dolores, waited in the shadows, like a cat waiting for his prey to flutter across the path. He had to wait a long time, but Vogel could be very patient when success or failure depended on his patience.

He knew where Dolores was perfectly well. She

A CRICKETER'S RHYMES

New Book by Norman Gale, Published
To-day by Alston Rivers.

If Mr. Norman Gale wrote worse verses than "More Cricket Songs" (2s. net), we should suspect him of being a good cricketer. As it is, we rather doubt his proficiency with bat and ball. A man who plays a game well seldom writes good poetry about it.

There is no doubt, though, about Mr. Gale's enthusiasm for cricket. He is almost at the top pitch of delight in it.

If ever there was a Golden Game
To brace the nerves, to cure repining,
To put the Dumps to flight and shame,
It's cricket, when the sun is shining!
Gentlemen, toss the football about the tomb!
Let us change from books to leather!
Breathe the fill of the breeze from the hill.
Thanking Bliss for the great blue weather.

Cricket, Mr. Gale says, is the remedy for all ills, both of the body and the mind:—

You feel worn out at twenty-two?
Your day's a thing of thirst and gloom?
Old chap, of course I'll see you through,
But—drop that rot about the tomb!
Let us overhaul your bag. A pair
Of noble bats to guard a wicket!
Out, friend, to breathe the sunny air,
And wring the hand of Doctor Cricket!

Cricket, too, seems to make a man a philosopher, if we may take Mr. Gale's "Old Professional" as a type:—

I've never wasted my brain with thinkin'
The way life lies in the world above,
But lessons here there ain't no blakin'
Make me guess that the Umpire's Love!
God knows I've muffed some easy chances
Of doing good, like a silly lout;
But because He's fairer not any fancies,
I'm not in a funk of hearin' "Out!"

If cricket is all this (and more) to Mr. Gale, no wonder he writes a book of verse about it. No wonder he feels that everyone ought to be made to play, by force, if necessary.

If cursed by a son who declined to play cricket
(Supposing him dead and sufficient in twees),
I'd lurch him well with the third of a wicket,
Selecting safe parts of his body to bruise.
In his mind such an arch King Solomon had
When he said, Spare the stump, and you bungle the lad!

To those who only regard cricket as a game, not the greatest thing in the world, the volume is a little monotonous. But it was not for them Mr. Gale wrote it.

MISPLACED ADMIRATION.

The admiration which Bob felt for his Aunt Margaret included all her attributes and even possessions which the aunt herself was not wont to consider desirable.

"I don't care much for plain teeth like mine, Aunt Margaret," said Bob one day, after a long silence during which he had watched her in a laughing conversation with his mother. "I wish I had some copper-toed ones, like yours." "Youth's Companion."

was in her bedroom writing letters—above all, writing one letter to Merrick. It was that letter that Vogel intended to read before it reached its destination.

In the hall was a letter-box, cleared twice daily. Hammond possessed the key, but Vogel possessed a little master key which opened every lock in the house, and many invisible locks as well.

Luncheon was announced without Dolores putting in an appearance, and Vogel began to grow anxious lest she escaped his vigilance and posted her letter in the town. So when she did appear, when nearly everyone had finished, and after playing with a scrap of cold salmon again beat a retreat, Vogel followed her.

He laid his heavy hand on her arm as she started to mount the staircase, and he could not fail to notice the shiver of revulsion that went through her body.

"I want to talk to you," he said softly. "Why are you avoiding us all to-day, eh? Aren't you well?"

"No, I'm feeling rather seedy to-day. I've been lying down; you must forgive me for being unsocial."

"Of course, of course," Vogel said affably, still keeping his hand on her arm and forcing her, quite quietly and gently, to walk beside him towards his study. "I shan't detain you a minute, then you can return to your rooms and lie down again."

"I've an awful headache," she pleaded. "We'll talk after dinner."

"Never talk business after dinner—spoils the dinner," Vogel smiled.

"Business?" she whispered the word under her breath. She knew what it meant.

"If you've got an awful headache," Vogel said, shutting the study door and leading Dolores to a big, cosy, leather armchair, "if you've got an awful headache I should advise you to persuade little The Dobbins to take you for a drive in the buggy. The grey mare is at your disposal; she's a dier, and

(Continued on page 11.)

A SKIN LIKE LILIES AND ROSES

Phrases such as the above are often used, but how seldom does one actually see a skin that is perfectly clear, pure, healthy, and therefore beautiful? As one sits in a train, omnibus, tramcar, or other conveyance, and notices the complexion of one's fellow-passengers of both sexes, the fact is forced upon the attention that few people have really a perfect skin. Why is this, and how can the matter be rectified? The answer is twofold. It is first of all necessary to render the skin healthy and remove from it all blemishes, and then, having done this, its health must be carefully maintained. The penalty for neglect is bad and unhealthy skin, with spots, rashes, or pimples upon it, or even graver troubles, and beauty of appearance is incompatible with skin illness.

HAVE A HEALTHY SKIN.

There is really no expense and very little trouble involved in having a healthy skin, instead of one disfigured by spots or blemishes. If you continue to have the latter it is because you are unwilling to adopt the "Antexema" treatment, which is very simple, but at the same time, marvellously successful, and is as good for such serious trouble as eczema, psoriasis and nettlerash, as for pimples, blotches, blackheads, and minor forms of skin trouble. It is really extraordinary that anyone should go about feeling uncomfortable or looking unsightly when "Antexema" will completely clear the skin of that which disfigures it. The manner in which "Antexema" cures can be easily and simply explained. It is not an ointment, but a non-poisonous, healing liquid, hardly visible when applied to the affected part. It forms a temporary outer skin, and by taking the place of the lost or diseased cuticle it enables a fresh and healthy one to form naturally underneath. Our little book on "Skin Troubles" enclosed with every bottle of "Antexema" is exceedingly useful to everyone, as it contains a mass of accurate information about the skin, and it shows not only how to cure all skin ailments, but the way to stay cured afterwards.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

There are many forms of skin trouble besides those which manifest themselves on the face, neck, or hands, and there are hundreds of thousands of people who have eczema on the back, chest, legs, feet, or arms, where, though intense discomfort is caused, no one but the sufferer knows of it. One of the most unpleasant irritations in regard to many skin troubles is the terrible irritation they give rise to, in many cases so severe as to break the sleeper's rest and entirely rob it of its refreshing power. Possibly the reason is one of those patiently suffering in your trouble. If so, you can easily cure yourself without explaining a word about it to anyone else. "Antexema" takes away all irritation at once, and will then completely cure you, and the relief gained will be truly delightful. In using "Antexema" you are not adopting a remedy without record or reputation, but the discovery of a well-known doctor, and we defy anyone who has seen the piles of letters received by us testifying to the value of "Antexema," to doubt its value. Some of the troubles cured have been comparatively slight, and one or two applications of "Antexema" has been sufficient to remove them, but in other instances the sufferer has been previously endured and the disfigurement their trouble caused has been really terrible, and has extended over many years, and yet a perfect cure was effected. Some of the letters we have received contain almost incredible stories of cures effected, but the writer's gratitude leaves no room for doubt as to the truth of their statements.

AN EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.

A schoolmaster writes as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from eruptions since October, and have tried endless remedies to no purpose whatever. Without any hope of its doing me any real good, I bought a bottle of 'Antexema.' It is nearly used, and the result is an almost clean face, and, not only that, but a healthy-looking skin and a feeling of better health generally. In my position as organist and schoolmaster it has been a dreadful ordeal for months to have to face inspectors and clergymen with such disfigurement. 'Antexema' is marvellous, and has made life for me a pleasure."

DON'T MISS THIS.

Always keep a bottle of "Antexema" by you, as its uses are innumerable. Do not make the mistake of supposing "Antexema" is intended merely for severe skin ailments; it is just as good for common every-day troubles in the home, such as burns and scalds, as it is for eczema, nettlerash, and shingles. For every purpose for which cold cream is used "Antexema" answers far better, as it cools, soothes, and, at the same time, heals. "Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, or can be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. Read the family handbook, "Skin Troubles," enclosed every bottle, as it cannot fail to interest. A copy will be sent post free to readers of the *Daily Mirror*, together with free trial of "Antexema" if you mention the *Daily Mirror* and enclose three penny stamps for postage and packing, and send your letter to "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

PLEASE REMEMBER.

If you or one of your children has any skin trouble, go straight to a chemist and get a supply of "Antexema." The moment you use it the irritation will stop, and in you will soon be cured. If you do require "Antexema" yourself, but have a friend who does, show him this article.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, the Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating young widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XVI.

Physically Mr. B. S. Vogel bore no resemblance to that feline beast beloved by all nice polite old maids and hated by all proper boys—the cat; but mentally, and in his actions and manner of dealing with his enemies and those unfortunate whom he considered his lawful prey, he imitated the sleek brute with a palpable purr and hidden claws.

Men, those less acute than himself, were his human mice, his lawful prey, and he derived keen satisfaction when he caught one, and thoroughly enjoyed mauling and wounding his victim ere he dispatched and made a pecuniary meal of him.

Women were different, but it gave him nearly as much pleasure to catch one of them—they were the human birds, the brightly plumaged creatures who came to him or beat their wings against the bars of a golden cage, until he opened the cage-door—and gobbled them up!

When Dolores entered the breakfast-room Vogel realised that it would be wise for him to rise to his claws and purr loudly, at the same time perhaps to open the door of her cage just an inch or two.

POLAR BEARS GO TO EARL'S COURT AND ONE TAKES A TRIP ON THE BIG WHEEL.



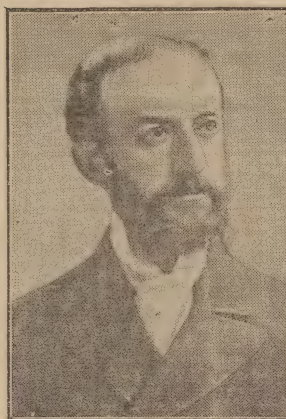
The managers of the London Hippodrome sent out their troupe of performing white bears sightseeing yesterday. They appeared interested and delighted with what they saw at Earl's Court, and one of them grunted with satisfaction when it was put on the big wheel.

FEEDING BRITISH MUSEUM PIGEONS.



Little Miss Kitty Bowen gives the birds their breakfast every morning. They are very friendly, perch on her shoulders, and eat out of her hand.

MR. JAMES ROCHE, M.P.



Riveted popular notice upon himself by making a scene in the House yesterday.—(Russell.)

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

warranted to cure a headache—even a heartache," he added with a sneer.

"Oh, my heart never aches now," Dolores forced a laugh.

Vogel settled himself in a chair opposite to the one he had placed for Dolores. He had been careful to place her where the light from the window fell full upon her face; his own chair was in the shadow.

"You don't mind a cigar?"

She shook her head. Vogel was not always so polite—not to her. Well as she knew him she had never experienced his cat-and-bird methods. His business dealings with her had generally been brutally frank.

"Perhaps you'd like a cigarette yourself?"

Again she shook her head.

He held the box temptingly under her nose; she felt that if she had something to play with she might more easily disguise her emotions, even hide her face from the piercing little eyes. But though, like the majority of modern women, Dolores had fallen a victim to Mlle. Nicotine, yet she never smoked in Vogel's presence; he was the sort of man the nice woman would hesitate doing anything the least unconventional before.

But for once she broke her rule, and lit the fascinating little roll of Turkish tobacco; then, lying back in the chair with half-closed eyes, she said:

"Well, what do you want to know?"

"I only wanted to inquire for our good friend Merrick; I hope he is well."

Dolores's answer surprised Vogel, and pleased him. He always appreciated cleverness when it didn't upset his plans.

"No, he is not well," she said quickly. "The horrible task you've set him is worrying him to death."

"You set him the task, I only suggested it," Vogel corrected. "I'm sorry he is worrying, it's foolish of him. But perhaps it is absence from

you that's upsetting him; love pines in solitude, you know."

Dolores shrugged her shoulders and blew a cloud of tobacco, like a wall, between herself and her host.

She smoked, as she did everything, gracefully; and again Vogel felt a touch of regret that he had not acquired her himself. She was undoubtedly a deuced fine woman.

"Anyway, that little whipper-snapper of a jockey shan't have her," he said to himself.

And a new idea entered his sinfully smart brain—to be dismissed on the score that the risk of losing the Derby wasn't worth the certainty of winning a mere woman.

Yet, the idea took a new shape. What if Dolores loved Merrick enough to sacrifice herself in order to save him. What if Bosche could guarantee The Devil's victory even over King Daffodil?

"So Merrick is very love-sick," he said aloud. "Poor boy; well, it won't last long. As soon as he's kept his promise to you, you can un-deceive him, or run away with him, if you like. You'll be able to afford to do even that, when The Devil wins," he chuckled.

He saw her wince, and colour and grow pale by turns, and he wriggled with delight in his chair. It was fine sport hurting such a fine, proud bird, fine sport.

"Is that all you wanted to know?" Dolores asked, yawning carefully.

"Umph!—yes. I wanted to feel sure that you were confident that he would not fail us. It would be so very serious if he failed us, wouldn't it?"

"Very," she faltered. "Very serious for me."

"And for me. So you don't think it's necessary for you to go down to Epsom just yet and keep an eye on him? Give him a lump of sugar now and then, make him jealous, set his heart on fire? You think he won't fail?"

"I'm sure he won't fail; he's not the man to break his promise."

She laughed then, laughed naturally; and it was her laughter that filled her eyes with tears, though she blamed the tobacco smoke,

She chose the words that would hurt her most severely, the words that were like arrows piercing her heart—the words that shrieked sarcastically that she lied.

"He has broken his promise. For the first and the last time in his life he has broken his promise—broken it to you, not for you. And you are the cause."

Vogel laughed, too. Her words did not strike him as tragic, but as humorous. It was only natural that a man should break a promise to a woman; or what was the use of women?

"If I were you I'd run down and stay with the Pollocks for a few days," he said. "You'll be able to see him every day; you'll be able to see the horse, make friends with Marvis perhaps and some of the lads about his stables—you know what I mean—plenty of gush about 'the pretty darlings in their stalls. Do they really like racing?'—and all that sort of thing—and a few sovereigns always handy will do a great deal—with your face to back 'em up. What do you say?"

Dolores considered a moment; it was just what she wanted to do now. She wanted to see Arthur—she felt she couldn't write all that was in her heart, all that had entered her heart since his departure. She wanted to see him and tell him.

She was almost afraid to confess to herself what she had decided to confess to him.

He would not risk all for her sake, he who had first breathed of love! But she—she would show him that she was not afraid to sacrifice everything for him.

Everything that a woman holds dear and sacred. Everything!

"I've promised to spend a few days with the Bernsteins at Derby; I was going to leave you on Friday; of course, I could cut my visit short there and go on to the Pollocks—say, on Monday?"

She did not want Vogel to think she was too anxious; he might guess something. He might guess how much she was in love, and then he would suspect!

"All right, but the sooner you go to Epsom

(Continued on page 13.)

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Pen Portraits

**YOU
THIS TIME**

GOOD LOOKS GONE!

You have parted company with good looks; those pimples and blotches—that sallowness of the skin—that unsightly pallor—denote the presence of gross humours in the blood. It's too late to enquire how the poison got there; the one thing is to get it out. Such impurities in the vital current are a standing menace to health and a presage of coming disaster. You must get your blood pure before you can get your healthy looks and healthy feelings back again. You may try twenty remedies and fail, but if you try Dr. Scott's Bilious and Liver Pills you'll touch the mischief first time and be on the road to health when you have swallowed the first dose. These pills can do for you what they are doing for thousands of others. If they had failed to do what is claimed for them they wouldn't have been growing in popularity these many years. They aid digestion, promote assimilation, stimulate the bowels, impart tone to all the organs, and eradicate all effete products and poisonous humours from the blood—the word they mean a clear skin, a bright eye, a brisk step and all the exhilarating accompaniments of good health. All chemists sell them at 1/11 & 2/6. They are done up in green packages so that you may be quite sure you are getting the genuine Dr. Scott's Bilious and Liver Pills. No others are just like them.

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Master R. BULMER.



Miss A. FIELDING.

43, Allison-street, Stockton-on-Tees, Durham.
Dear Sir,—For the last four or five years, as the result of a
severe cold, I had been suffering from deafness, "ringing" and
"buzzing" noises in the head and sore throat. My mother
got very anxious about the matter and took me to Newcastle,
where I underwent an operation at the back of the throat, but
without deriving any benefit. I then read about the "Keith-
Harvey System" in the "Sunday Circle," and determined
to try it, feeling sure it would do me good. I am now
pleased to say that my hearing is completely restored, and
my throat is much clearer. You may use my name for the
benefit of others, and I shall be pleased to recommend your
Treatment.—Yours truly,
1st May, 1905.

DEAF AFTER BRONCHITIS. COMPLETELY CURED.

30, Broughton-street, Hebden Bridge.
Dear Sir,—I had gradually become very deaf after Bron-
chitis, when a friend of mine who was much troubled
because of my infirmity induced me to place myself under
the "Keith-Harvey System." I am only too pleased to be
able to say that your aural remedies have benefited me very
much indeed, and after being very deaf it is a great pleasure
to be able to hear what is being said so clearly and distinctly
as I can now. I have already recommended your System to
other sufferers, and shall do so as occasion may arise. If this
little testimony of mine is any good to you, you are at per-
fect liberty to make what use of it you think proper.—Yours,
faithfully,
(Miss) A. FIELDING.
March 6th, 1905.

IF YOU

are a sufferer from Deafness or Head Noises, and desire a com-
plete and permanent cure, write at once to Professor G. Keith-
Harvey, 117, Holborn, London, E.C., for Pamphlet, fully de-
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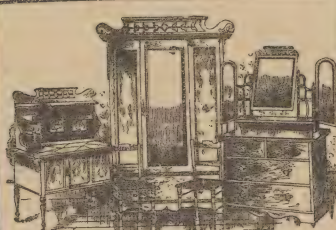
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somebody who isn't using Fels-
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Fels-Naphtha 39 Wilson street London E.C

THREE GIRLS IN A FLAT—THEIR FURNITURE AND ITS COST.

BACHELOR GIRLS

AT HOME.

No. II.—WE CHOOSE OUR WALL-PAPERS AND BUY FURNITURE.

In the last article I wrote I narrated how we sought for an abode and how we had decided upon our flat. Now we began to throw ourselves with zest into the questions of papering, decorating, and furnishing it.

What tussles we had with the landlord about the wall-papers. Of course, we had set our hearts upon charming, dainty, but, unfortunately, very expensive papers for all our rooms, each one indulging our respective fancies. But the landlord remained firm, and we had to bow to his edicts, compromising by having a plain, dull green paper, a really good one, of a pleasant tone for the sitting-room, and a nondescript patterned and coloured one for the bedrooms, bathroom, and passage. When the walls were hung and the doors and wainscoting painted a delicate buff colour, our flat certainly looked pretty, clean, and airy. We began to like it better every day.

A Background of Household Gods.

All finished, we turned our attention to the furnishing question. Of course, we all of us had a few household gods, remnants from our own rooms at home, and furniture discarded by our families we eagerly annexed; while the two who had lived together before in unfurnished rooms had some china, silver, pots and pans, and other odds and ends, which are the items that run away with so much money.

What a heterogeneous collection it was, when we had gathered it together in the flat. We owned between us ten chairs, of all sorts, from ancient oak dining-room chairs to a 3s. 6d. deck chair, seven tables, also of all descriptions; two fenders, two chests of drawers, a writing table full of drawers and pigeon-holes, two big oak chests, a piano, a coal-scuttle, and four looking-glasses amongst the three of us.

Put into the rooms, the assortment seemed meagre enough, for all we had in the way of carpets were some odd strips of Brussels that were rather shabby, and one good Turkey rug.

There remained beds and bedding, carpets or druggist, linen, pots and pans, knives, and shelves to purchase.

First of all, and most important, came the beds. We bought three camp beds complete with mattresses and pillows for 23s. each, and they are as good to-day as they were then. Then we got three squares of cord carpeting for the big bedroom, which cost 28s., and for the sitting and other bedroom squares at 15s. each. Two wicker chairs came to 18s., and three big wooden shelves to hang curtains over and make into wardrobes cost 6s. for making and fittings.

Inspiration in Coal-Scuttle.

Our second coal-scuttle was really an inspiration. We bought a margarine basket for a few pence, varnished it, lined it with brown paper, and it has been a most elegant and useful contrivance ever since.

We only had two washstands, one a nice old three-cornered one, which we put into the bedroom, which had only the strips of carpeting, to make things even; but the other, an ugly yellow-white one, we put into the kitchen to serve as an extra table, its uninteresting aspect being too apparent for our nice rooms. To buy others was beyond our means, so we decided to utilise the basin in the bathroom, and save up for good washstands.

Our linen we got from our respective families, supplementing it by some dusters and kitchen cloths, which only came to about 6s.

We had some china and glass, and other odd pieces we got from our homes and our friends, most of whom contributed something. Kettles, saucepans, and frying-pans were a serious item—they are so expensive. We had two or three good ones, and to start with we got a selection of other kitchen utensils from one of the fidd. bazaars, which abound in the south of London. Of course, these things haven't much wear in them, but from time to time we have replaced them as the others wore out. A dozen knives, some brooms and brushes completed our furniture and household

goods, which cost us altogether £38 18s. 6d. The items were:—

	£	s.	d.
Three camp beds at 23s.	69	0	0
One carpet square	1	3	0
Two carpet-squares at 15s.	30	0	0
Three shelves, and fixing	6	0	0
Coal basket	6	0	0
Wicker chairs	15	0	0
Kitchen cloths and dusters	6	0	0
Frying-pans and saucepans, etc.	11	0	0
Knives	10	6	0
Brooms and brushes	7	6	0
Total	£38	18s.	6d.

This, divided between the three of us, came to £2 19s. 6d. each, not a ruinous sum, and our flat looked really pretty.

BABY'S WARDROBE.

COMFORT SHOULD BE STUDIED BEFORE APPEARANCE.

A child's clothes should be comfortable both mentally and physically, therefore never dress a child in a glaring costume that will excite unkind comment.

Do not let the child wear clothing so fine that he dare not play freely, nor so elaborate that it excites the jealousy of the other children he meets. Dress an infant in the fewest garments com-

matters, do not let the children acquire the idea that it is of no account. Teach them it is a duty they owe to themselves and others to wear becoming clothes that fit well, are suitable to the occasion, and are not too fine for their parents' means.

A Nice Little Dish of Grape-Nuts and Cream.

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Once more white, cream, and the tan shades, deepening to ochre, are queening it in the millinery world. Eminently becoming is the hat sketched above, which is made of tea-rose coloured crinoline straw, trimmed with pale pink and tea roses on and behind the brim.

FURNITURE POLISH.

When furniture becomes scratched, as it often does, it is a good plan to rub it with a woollen cloth which has been dipped in kerosene oil. Should the furniture not polish well, try rubbing it first with a little kerosene, then apply the furniture cream and polish it in the usual way.

patible with warmth and comfort. When the child grows old enough for short dresses, let the dresses be short enough to be out of the way of the uncertain little feet, and thus save the baby many a fall.

Never allow a child to wear clothing that is too small or shoes that are too short. While clothing should be subordinate to many other

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

the better. A week there, say. Then I shall be delighted if you care to return here before we all go down to town for the Derby week. You're staying at Grosvenor-square with us; I don't forget London houses are not so elastic as country ones, and one can't fill a vacant seat in the season, you know. Besides, dear lady, you are such an attraction."

"I haven't forgotten, but—"

"Well?"

"The day before the Derby and Derby Day—I mean—ought I to let Merrick out of my sight?"

Vogel raised his eyebrows.

"He's not the man to break his promise," he quoted, "nor a woman's heart. You're in love with him yourself, eh?"

She flushed, but replied lightly:—

"I am. He's a most fascinating creature; I quite enjoyed capturing him."

Vogel opened the door for her—then closed it sharply.

But before Dolores had crossed the hall, the study door again opened a few inches, opened noiselessly, and a small, keen pair of eyes watched Dolores cross the hall, watched her pause before the letter-box, as if reading the hour of the next clearance, and then slowly mount the staircase.

Very quietly Vogel closed the door and returned to his seat by the window.

"Clever, quite clever!" He sucked his cigar meditatively, and then presently rose and looked at his reflection in a mirror on the wall.

"Yes, she's very clever. Hanged if I do know how much she's in love with him—whether it's the mad phase or the sane!"

"Now, if only I could get her to become Mrs. B. S. Vogel—Lady B. S. Vogel!—she'd be useful, as well as ornamental! Glad I sent that cablegram; she won't feel quite so clever next week."

He lit another cigar, and resumed his seat.

"I wonder how near the next world Horace Hilary has managed to drink himself?"

(To be continued.)

five furlongs.

ranty; easy terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed if exchanged for a higher-class instrument within three years.—D'Almaine and Co. (established 120 years), 21, Finsbury-pavement, City. Open till 7; Saturdays 3.
